Week ending Oct. 10 1959

# JOHN BULL

**Everybody's Weekly**

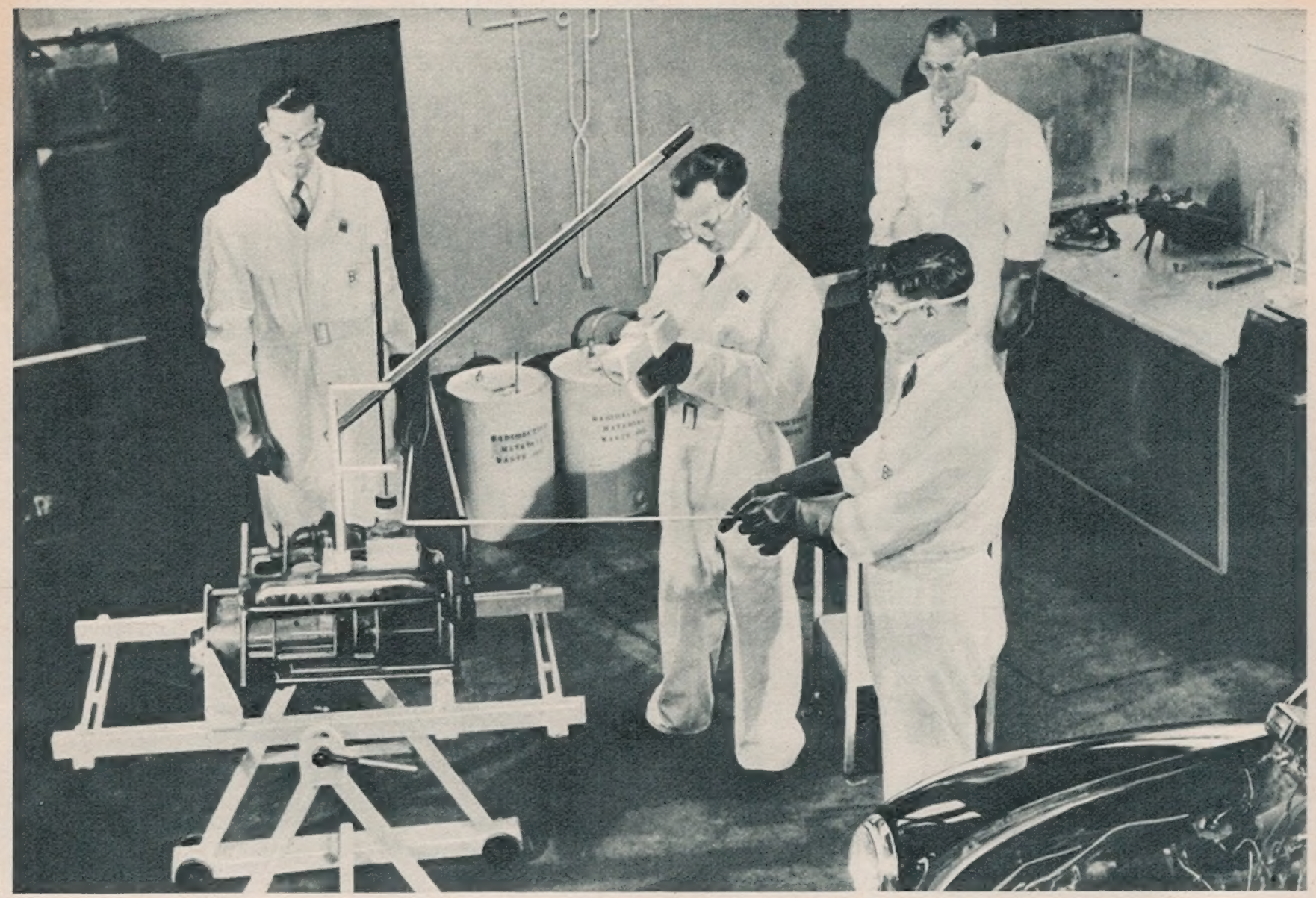
EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

Beginning the enchanting true story of two seal pups who grew up in an English garden

## *A SEAL FLIES BY*

**Prisoner or traitor?**
**The great Otto John mystery—by his wife**

**The new AGATHA CHRISTIE**



*The radio-active piston ring is being installed in the engine in preparation for a test on the road.*
*Many tests of BP 'Visco-static' with the radio-active wear detector proved 80% less wear on test piston rings.*

## Backed by radio-active wear detector and experience of motorists everywhere

# BP ENERGOL 'VISCO-STATIC'*

## *Tests with this oil showed 80% less wear on piston rings*

TODAY YOU CAN BUY a motor oil with more certainty of what it will do than ever before. BP Energol 'Visco-static' has been tested by the most modern of all methods – the radio-active wear detector. Results showed 80% less wear on test piston rings compared with ordinary oils.

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### The 'clucking hen'

At the end of each day's running a sample of oil was taken and its radio-activity was assessed by a special Geiger counter – the famous 'clucking hen' of atomic research. This allows the amount of metal worn from the piston during the day to be measured with amazing accuracy.

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Most wear in engines occurs in the first few minutes after each cold start. That is with ordinary oils. When the engine is left overnight, acid products condense on the cylinder walls. These cause corrosive attack to take place. It is the corroded deposits which cause early wear when the engine is started again.

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**JOHN BULL**
**EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY**
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# Contents

**ARTICLES**

WOMEN GET THE CITY UNDER THEIR THUMB
*by René Lecler* .. .. .. 11
GILBERT HARDING .. .. 12
SO YOU WANT TO BE AN M.P.
*by Keith Ellis* .. .. .. 15
BIG JOE BLARES HAPPINESS ALL NIGHT LONG
*by Elvis Jackson* .. .. .. 17
IS RUSSIA'S ROCKET PLAN OFF-TARGET?
*by Dr. P. E. Hodgson* .. .. 22

**STORIES**

THE TREASURE OF HUNTSMAN'S COTTAGE
*by Clive Burnley* .. .. .. 13
CALL IN THE NIGHT
*by John Harris* .. .. .. 21

**SERIALS**

A SEAL FLIES BY (Part 1)
*by Ronald Pearson* .. .. 7
MY LIFE WITH OTTO JOHN (Part 2)
*by Lucie John* .. .. .. 19
CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS (Part 3)
*by Agatha Christie* .. .. 24

**MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME**

*by Roger Smithells*
IS CENTRAL HEATING A LUXURY? .. .. .. 27
WORTH NOTING .. .. 46

**FEATURES**

GETTING TO KNOW YOURSELF: 14. IN SHORT: 16. JOKES: 26, 37, 38, 40, 43. EVERYBODY'S PUZZLING: 30. STARKE'S GUIDE TO CORRECT WEAR: 32. DACHSIE: 34. FORGIVENESS: 34, 36, 38, 41. THUMBTHING: 41. POET IN THE GARDEN: 42. WE ADVISE: 46.

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# The Cover

OH, gosh—what a fate for the bronzed and wrinkled veteran of twenty-five campaigns! He'd done everything to turn that conker into a worthy champion. Now it lies in the dust, beyond the aid of the hottest oven, the most potent vinegar. Of course, there'll be no hard feelings, for what's a ruined reputation between friends? He'll even forgive that smug flush of triumph. "Today's defeat is tomorrow's victory," says Fancett. "Just wait till the marble season . . ."

# Free Speech

**JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."**

## Eating Without Tears

RECENTLY I heard bitter criticism of canned and frozen foods from one of those pretentious people who can't enjoy a meal unless it's festooned with snobbish fads and fancies.

He complained about the way modern trends were taking variety and graciousness out of our lives. What nonsense!

For years I lived in houses where our lives were governed by meal times. The woman of the house was no sooner finished clearing up from breakfast than she was engaged in elaborate, wearisome preparations for the midday meal. My mother could never spare time for anything else but cooking. She was chained to her kitchen.

I never allowed my wife to suffer in the same way. The time taken to prepare our food is negligible—and if we want to make a special occasion of eating we go out to a restaurant.

For us, pre-cooked, frozen and tinned food has been a means of increasing immeasurably the variety and graciousness of our lives.—WILLIAM PERKS, Blackpool, Lancs.

## Bomb Postscript

May I add a postscript to Michael Amrine's articles on the decision to drop the atomic bomb on Japan? It is not generally realized that during 1945 the American Government could intercept and decode messages from the Japanese Foreign Office to the Japanese Embassy in Moscow.

By this means it was learned that on July 12, twenty-eight days before the bombing, that Japan was ready to give in if the Allies would not insist on unconditional surrender.

Why was this lead not followed up? Even after the bombing, unconditional surrender could not be enforced.—JOHN H. BOWLES, York Road, Woking, Surrey.

## Look, No Handlebars

Friends coming back from Germany have told me that, in Berlin, children cycling dangerously have their handlebars removed by the police. These can be retrieved only on payment of a fine by the parents.

A bit drastic perhaps, but like George Wade's shock tactics (JOHN BULL, September 12) it gets results.—MRS. M. SOWERSBY, West Street, Southend, Essex.

## Pit-face Pints

Many hotels and public houses have been introducing a lounge bar decorated to a particular theme. Travelling recently in the north of England I was struck by one which used the unlikely subject of coal mining.

Murals depicted work at the coal face. Drinks were served over a counter fronted with polished pit props.

The central electric fitting was made up of two intersected pick axes from each corner of which hung miners' safety lamps.—R. S., Kenton, Middx.

## In Search Of Loot

During a recent coach tour of Europe I was disgusted at the behaviour of a few fellow passengers who on every occasion that presented itself indulged in petty thieving of spoons, glasses and ashtrays from hotels and restaurants.

The idea was to collect them as souvenirs. People like these should stay at home—where they would

never dream of stealing from hotels or restaurants.—WINIFRED E. JONES, Cemlyn Park, Penmaenmawr, Caernarvonshire.

## A Better View

I visited my optician recently after a lapse of three years to have my eyes tested for more suitable glasses.

I was surprised when he told me that I had nothing to worry about, as my eyes were better than they were three years ago. As I am sixty-eight I thought that my sight would have deteriorated. Can the sight improve for no apparent reason?—HARRY SUTTERS, Formby Avenue, Stanmore, Middx.

*"It does not necessarily follow that as healthy people grow older their eyesight will deteriorate," says an optician. "One can't say why Mr. Sutters's sight improved, but, to take one example, short-sighted people often develop acquired hypermetropia, or long sight, as they grow older.*

*"Then they find that for long distances they need weaker glasses, or in some cases no glasses at all!"*

## Classroom Lawyers

As a new schoolmaster, straight from university, I have already found that the problem of discipline seems to stem from the belief of children that if they can argue long enough they will get their own way. I wonder who is to blame for this—teacher or parent?—DAVID DORIAN, Ilkley, Yorks.

## The Crucial Forty

One can be too old at forty for some things, one of which is the adventurous feeling that came over R. Abbs ("Free Speech," September 19) and caused him to give up at forty-one his pensionable job.

My own working life taught me that one is best off in a secure job with a reputation as a reliable employee and that it is a fine thing to know when one is well off and be content to stay that way.

Can it be that some people's judgment wobbles when they are around forty?—W. RICHARD, Salford, Lancs.

*"Forty has become a sort of crossroads in a man's life by the time he reaches that age," says a psychiatrist.*

*"He's heard so much about being too old at forty, and life beginning at forty, that he feels that it is a time to make big decisions.*

*"One cannot generalize, but in some cases it is better to make a big change, otherwise the rest of the man's life might be spent bitterly regretting the fact that he didn't."*

. . . It is that robot-like official, the personnel officer, who is robbing the young of initiative. Personal qualities, together with explanations of how one's mental horizon was restricted in one's previous jobs, are ignored. Permanency is the greatest recommendation and these officials doom anyone with several entries in the "previous employment" column. Mr. Abbs did not have to be particularly fearless to leave his job. With his steady record, the risk was very small.

I changed my job twenty times before I was twenty-three, finding it more and more difficult to get employment. Now, however, I am happy in my true vocation.—L. A. DUNKLING, Creswick Road, Acton, London, W.3.

## Hands Off, Please

I do wish that travelling sales representatives would not insist upon shaking hands with me when introducing themselves.

Do the salesmanship schools

teach them this? It is a custom which should be kept for social occasions.—MISS PAMELA ANDERSON, Lower Kingswood, Surrey.

## Flies Up Above

I hope that the reader who notices fewer flies this year ("Free Speech," September 19) will not have the surprise that we recently did.

We, too, have been remarkably free of flies, but on opening our loft we found the beams covered with flies. When killed they half-filled a bucket.

Two of our neighbours have had the same experience. Perhaps house-flies are becoming loft-flies.—H. G. DAVIES, Bicester, Oxon.

*"These are not house-flies, but autumn flies," says the Natural History Museum. "Practically indistinguishable from the house-fly, they live in fields and are often seen in swarms round cows and horses.*

*"When the evenings get colder they crawl under roofs and into attics to hibernate for the winter. They can be killed in the normal way, with insecticide."*

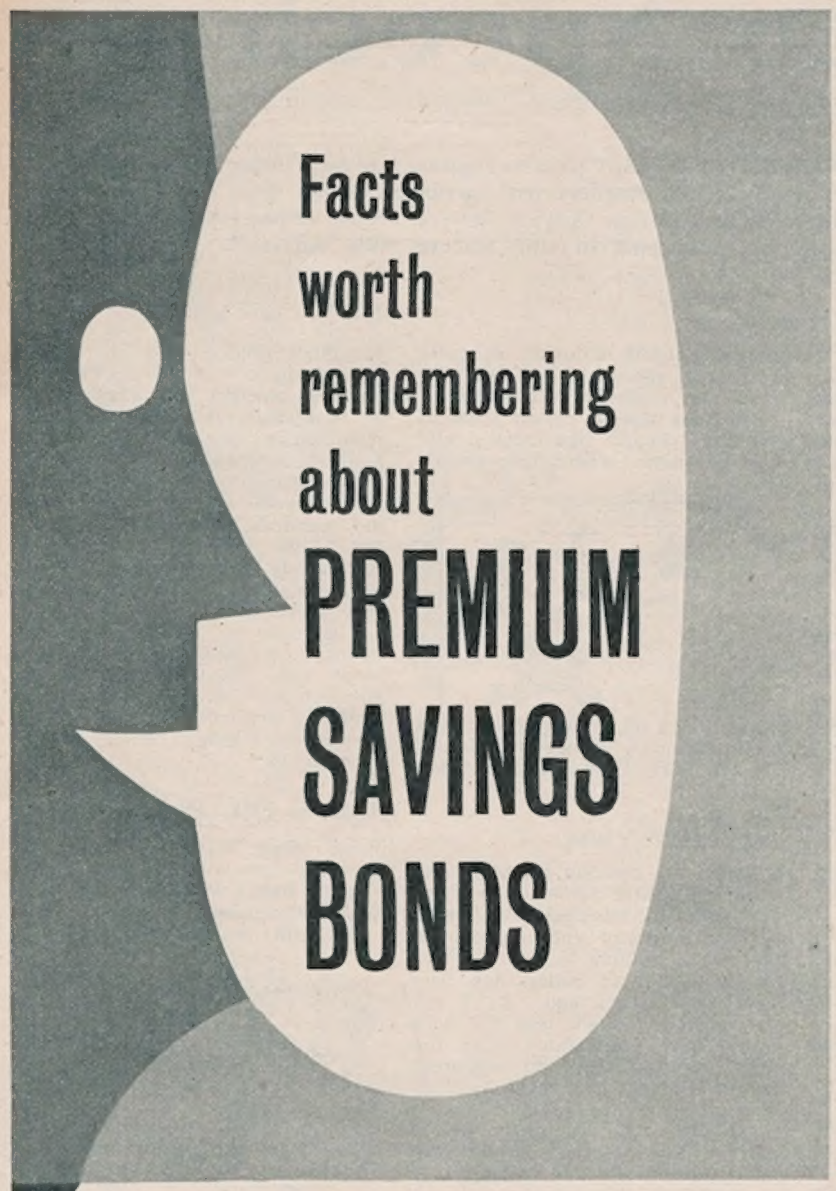
## Green Means Go

Having read your article on the Liberal Party (JOHN BULL, September 19), I see that the author says that no party colour has been found. May I suggest green, the colour that means go-ahead?—E. H. COLLINGE, Summit Road, Northolt, Middx.

## Dark And Dozy

I, too, have always confessed to an unpopular preference for the winter, but for the opposite reasons to those of John Briggs ("Free Speech," September 19). One doesn't work so hard in winter.

I regard the long, dark months as the nearest thing to hibernation

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# Free Speech

*continued from page 3*

that the human animal achieves, and look forward to cosy evenings by the fire.

I did not acquire these views until I became a housewife and mother and could never relax until the children are asleep. Which, in the summer, means when we are totally exhausted.—MRS. H. GREAT, Palace Green, Addington, Surrey.

## The Lancashire Lad

As a Lancastrian I appeal on behalf of an overworked character—the Lancashire man. The one who wears a cloth cap, silk scarf and braces, whose diet consists of fish and chips with occasional tripe and cowheels and who talks of his "brass" and "t'mill."

For years he appeared in plays, books and films, and now he is popping up regularly on television. I feel that he has thoroughly deserved a long rest.—MRS. F. T., Warwick Street, St. Helens, Lancs.

## The Redbrick Touch

One of the things that struck me about your recent series *The Red Snows* was that, with all the Russians' sputniks and moon rockets, their poor villagers are still making bricks in the same way as in the days of the Pharaohs.—E. BOOTH, Hale Low Road, Hale, Cheshire.

## Mercy, Milkman!

Why is it that in London milk deliveries are not allowed before 7 a.m., while here three different milkmen make separate calls, one at 4.20 a.m., another at 6 a.m. and a third at 7.25 a.m.?

There's nothing very peaceful about retiring by the sea when one is awakened by the rattle of milk bottles, or the van's headlights across the room. Are there no regulations covering this?—MRS. S. A. BALDRY, Westgate on Sea, Kent.

*"During the war there was a government order forbidding milk deliveries before 7.30 a.m.," says the National Dairymen's Association. "When that ended the London milk companies, knowing that London with its high buildings and narrow streets is much more susceptible to noise, made an agreement with the trade unions to deliver milk only after 7.30 a.m. This does not apply to the rest of the country."*

## But If, By Jingo . . .

As one of the women who marched to war I enjoyed your article on the A.T.S. (JOHN BULL, September 12), except for the remark: "We could never do it now." Rubbish! Of course, we could and would do it again if we had to.—MRS. J. TULLOCH, Lerwick, Shetland Isles.

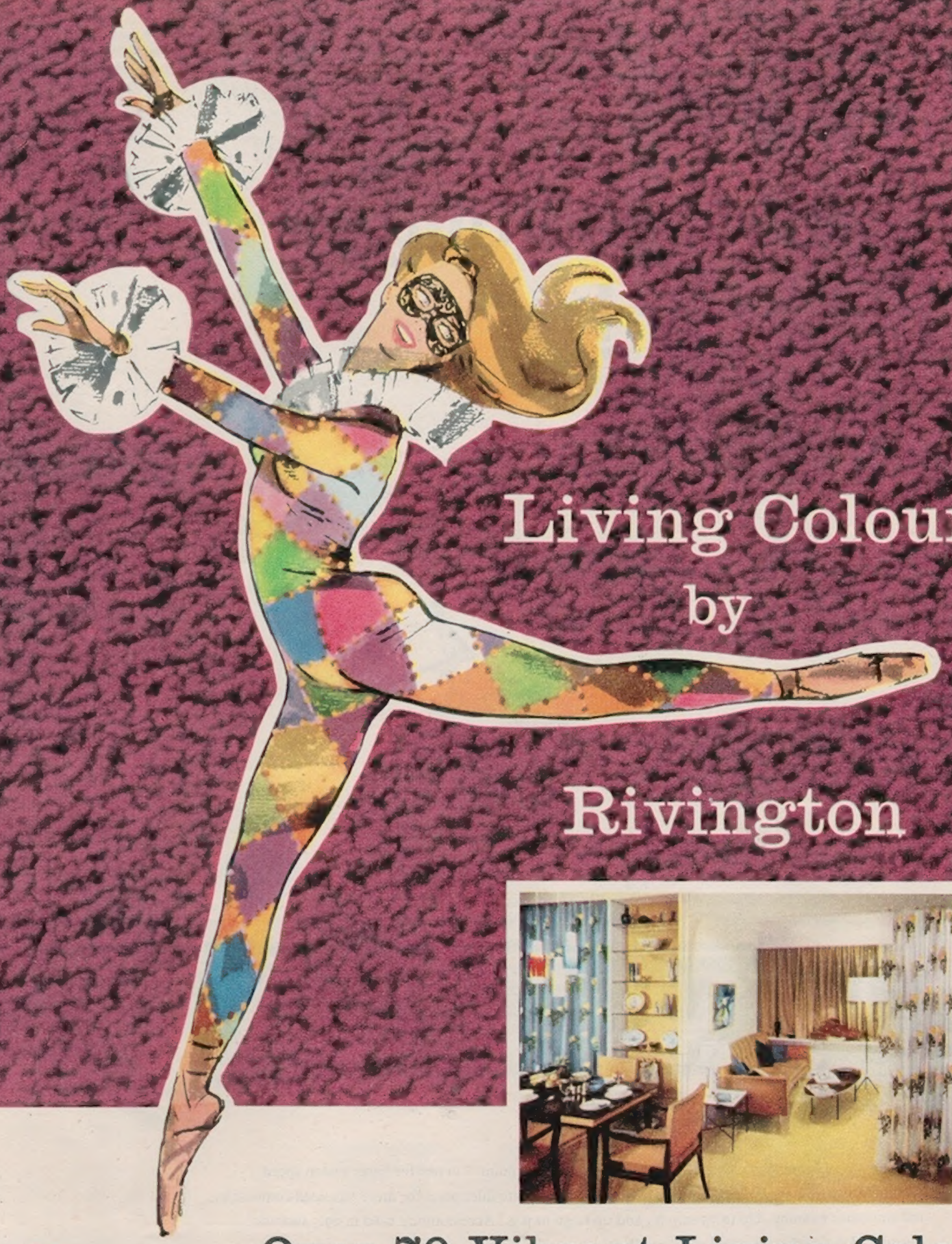
## Young Ramrods

Continental people have the right idea to encourage straight shoulders in their children. On holiday in Germany this year we noticed that children had their satchels fastened high up on their backs.

This is insisted upon by schoolteachers.—A. H. HOBDEN, Basingstoke, Hants.


Millions of people believe that Salk vaccine has made them, or their children, safe from polio. **It has not.** Polio virologists know that we are drifting smugly towards a possible disaster.

Read Dr. Patrick Richardson's important article, of vital interest to all parents and young people, in next week's John Bull: Everybody's Weekly



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**BE FIRST ON THE ROAD WITH FORD**

Beginning the enchanting story of how two seal pups, caught at sea, settled down in an English garden

By the lake at his Wiltshire home, Ronald Pearson shows one of his seal pups to his niece Penny (left), Julian, his son, and his daughter, Angela

# A SEAL FLIES BY

by RONALD PEARSON

THE fishery patrol boat Sea-Pink emerged from the canal-like cut of river joining King's Lynn to the North Sea and swept on towards the horizon that stretched from Norfolk to the Lincolnshire coast. Astern the level fens merged with the level sea, calm under the morning sky.

It was just after 7 a.m. on Friday, June 21, 1957.

The tide was falling, and the farther from land we went the shallower the water seemed to become. More and more sandbanks appeared.

Excitement on board began to mount. We were seal-hunting. The veterinary students who were giving me the trip needed adult specimens to find out whether, as fishermen insisted, seals disturbed the breeding grounds of herring and white fish. I, on the other hand, wanted to capture a baby seal and rear it as a pet.

Very few zoologists, apparently, have managed to rear a sand-seal pup. The Bristol Zoo had warned me that any such attempt would be "troublesome," and the London Zoo said flatly that as far as they knew, no zoo in Europe or America had ever been able to do it.

However, I had a country home, Baynton House, in Wiltshire. I had an acre of ornamental pool, ten feet deep, which would be ideal for a seal. And I had the determination to make the experiment succeed simply because the idea of a pet seal intrigued me. I would teach it tricks; perhaps even let it pull a boat.

A shout of "Full speed ahead!" went up aboard the Sea-Pink. In front of us, on a long narrow strip of shingle, were about fifty seals. They had seen us and were racing for the water.

The Sea-Pink had no time to lose. Her engine opened up and the spray flew from her bows as she tried to head them off. The students scrambled for sea-boots and nets, while I stood aside, feeling a little seal-like in the black rubber I wear for underwater swimming. They tumbled into a dinghy and pulled away rapidly as the Sea-Pink dropped anchor in six feet of water. I floundered behind them.

The battle was soon over. The students got their specimens—and two little white woolly creatures lay helpless on the sand at my feet. They had heads like puppies but with big round coal-black eyes that wept sadly.

They kept calling out pathetically in a plaintive mixture of bark and wail, and shutting their eyes on me as if they hoped that it might all be only a bad dream and that I would be gone when they opened them again.

It was indeed a bad business for them, but it was no dream. The older seals that had not been spry enough to reach the sea were in medical hands, while these two female pups had been left behind to fend for themselves. I had come for only one pup without having pondered the ethics of the matter at all, and now I felt I could not leave the other.

I claimed them both. I picked them up one by one as gently as I could and carried them in my arms to the waiting dinghy.

Once we were back on board, the Sea-Pink weighed anchor and headed for King's Lynn, leaving nature to return to the peace that had reigned before our arrival.

I worried about my two charges and felt I wanted somehow to cherish them as if to make up for what had happened. Seals aren't conveniently strokeable like cats, pattable like dogs or scratchable like pigs and monkeys.

The only helpful and friendly thing I could think of doing to win their confidence was to douche them with a bucket of cold water. They were lying side by side on the hot deck with the midday sun beating down on them, and I felt sure a cool shower would be welcome.

It wasn't. I could hardly have thought of a worse way of trying to make friends. They objected to this sudden change of temperature as vigorously as any sun-bather splashed by mischievous small boys, and set off, flopping along with a great effort of stomach, towards the even hotter foredeck. Though their huge and tear-filled eyes seemed so intelligent they

Ronald Pearson (left) and Nelson Kingsbury feed Flipper the seal-pup by means of a rubber tube. Her staple diet; milk, margarine and cod-liver oil

By the lake at Baynton House. Diana and Flipper made excellent playmates for Angela, the author's daughter—especially when it came to swimming

# A seal flies by

*continued from previous page*

were obviously puzzled by my extraordinary behaviour.

"I'm so sorry," I apologized. "I never thought you could possibly dislike water."

But their wail-barks only became more insistent and their stares more reproachful. There I was, *in loco parentis* to two flippered children of the deep, and just beginning to realize how little I knew about bringing them up. They weren't behaving like sea-creatures at all. They wanted to be hot as well as dry.

It was six o'clock that evening before the Sea-Pink slid alongside the ferry steps at King's Lynn. I hurriedly disembarked my two charges and settled them into the back of my Vanguard van. I was impatient to do the one thing that would prove I was a friend, by filling them up with warm milk. But I could not feed them until I got to Baynton, some 230 miles away. I trod on the accelerator hard and pulled up with a crunch of gravel outside our front gates just as the midsummer sun was setting.

## Margarine diet

My wife Kay wasn't expecting any of us. "You said you definitely weren't coming back tonight," she said, "and I haven't any supper for you."

"Never mind," I said. "Get four pints of milk, six packets of margarine and three teaspoonfuls of cod-liver oil, all brought to blood heat. And please hurry."

"What on earth are you talking about? Do be reasonable. We're in the middle of a play on the wireless."

I flung open the door of the van and pointed inside. My babies gave their loudest wailing barks.

"They're very hungry. They need feeding at once," I said.

Their large sad eyes argued the case better than I could, and soon I was in the kitchen commandeering the largest saucepan and all the morning's milk.

Kay rallied to my cause, but, for once, there wasn't any margarine in the house, and no cod-liver oil. The seals would have to make do with the milk. The Corbetts, who lived in a flat on the top floor of the west wing, had a two-week-old baby, and helpfully produced a freshly sterilized bottle and teat.

With the bottle of warm milk in my hand I hurried out to the van, feeling that the worst was over. Willing hands held the first pup steady while I pushed the teat between her teeth, but she would not suck. I coaxed and cajoled, but neither was having any.

I tried squirting milk into their mouths and dabbling it on their fur, stroking their throats and altering the size of the hole in the teat, but all to no avail. They would not suck or swallow a drop of milk. Indeed they seemed to loathe the feel and smell and taste of the stuff.

Night had been falling while they vigorously resisted all our efforts, and by midnight we gave up the struggle.

I remembered the Bristol Zoo's ominous remark: "We found seal-pups too difficult to rear." What hope has a single amateur—however enthusiastic—of succeeding where a whole Zoological Society had failed?

My pups were still alive the following morning, and apparently none the worse for their twenty-four hour fast. The lawns, woods and shrubberies on the slopes around Baynton's lake echoed with their barking wails, which added an exotic marine part to the chorus of inland nature with its placid coo of woodpigeons and caw of rooks with occasional moos or grunts from more distant cows and pigs.

I rang Professor Richard Harrison, of the anatomy department of the London Hospital Medical College, who was engaged in full-time research on seal physiology and who had fixed up my trip on the Sea-Pink.

"Don't worry, it isn't difficult if you've got the patience. Buy a rubber enema-pump from the chemist and take the valves out. Push the long tube right down the pup's throat into its stomach until it won't go any farther and stick the short tube into the feed."

"That sounds a bit of a tall order. I've never intubated anything in my life."

"It's not difficult."

The professor confirmed the recipe for my margarine, milk and cod-liver oil mixture. "Give them a couple of pints each for a start, or go on until they overflow," he said. "Good luck to you! Ring me again if you want any more advice."

My next step was to send an SOS to a friend of mine, Geoffrey Barnard, a veterinary surgeon who lives in Devizes. It is quite impossible to dismay Geoffrey. Not only is he extremely capable and conscientious, whether at administering cattle drenches or treating mangy spaniels, but his bedside manner is always cheerful whatever the hour of day or night. Moreover he is always on the look-out for new kinds of patients.

Within a couple of hours he had rolled up the drive and opened the boot of his car to reveal a range of drugs and equipment that bore witness to a fertile experimental imagination. He was ready, I felt sure, for any four-footed patient from elephant to coelacanth. There were sterilizing gear, nylon filters, and—most important of all—a brand-new and very bright red and shining rubber enema-pump.

By eleven o'clock the full-cream milk was once more at blood heat in its saucepan, fortified this time by margarine and cod-liver oil, and emulsified by tragacanthus gum stirred into them. I lifted the first of the pups out on to a patch of lawn and held her firmly on the ground between my legs, while Geoffrey administered the enema-pump.

He forced the longer of the two tubes between her teeth, and pushed it over her tongue and down her throat. It was warm and greasy, having been dipped in cod-liver oil. But when it touched her gullet, she obviously hated it, and squirmed and gulped. Geoffrey just went on pushing. Then she became quiet while it went on and on, down the rest of its way—I began to wonder if the tube would be long enough—till it reached the very bottom of her stomach.

"Here we go!" said Geoffrey, sticking the shorter tube into the rich emulsion in the saucepan.

## Plump and happy

Then he began to squeeze and release the rubber bulb in the middle while I pinched either side of it alternately with my fingers, thus acting as clumsy and primitive valves, for the enema valves would not have let the treacly fluids pass through quickly enough.

"One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ." I counted, so as to calculate the input per squeeze.

Perceptibly the level of liquid in the saucepan began to sink, and no less perceptibly the hungry pup began to swell until she was no longer sadly limp and flaccid, but was plump, rotund and happily replete. She was a changed seal.

The tube came out easily with a single gentle pull. I let go of her shoulders, and she lay on the lawn quietly hiccupping and belching.

We had won the first round, with the first seal, and it was high time she had a name if only to distinguish her from her sister. I did not waste much thought on her christening.

"Flipper" struck us both as appropriate—indeed as the only possible name for a seal. The second pup suffered a while under the not-altogether undeserved name of "Nipper," but was soon rechristened "Diana"—by

Flipper quickly got used to the fresh water of the lake. Like all seals, she liked swimming best when skies were dull and the winds brisk. Warm, fine weather drew her—and Diana—to the side to laze in the sun

which name I propose to call her here.

From the very start she showed signs of her much more aggressive and independent character that I soon got to know so well. She bit Geoffrey's thumb with her sharp little ferret-like teeth—surprisingly deeply considering that she was supposed to be a starving baby. I don't blame her. I would bite anyone just as hard who tried to shove an enema-pump past my gullet. It was a sign of strength and determination—not ill-will. Yet even she grew calm as soon as the tube reached her stomach, and she swelled no less contentedly than Flipper as we pumped her up.

At last the meal was over. Two fat seals lay sleeping side by side. We had made them drink. What would the next problem be?

Eighteen hours out of water had dried their pelts until they shone as white and woolly as a lamb's in the warm June sunshine. They were not in the least sleek and grey and slippery, as we vaguely felt seals ought always to be. Should not seals' skins be kept wet? Perhaps they would crack and blister, and their oil glands would suffer if they were kept too long out of water.

"How about a dip in the pond?" Geoffrey suggested, "or a soaking with a bucket?"

But Flipper opened her eyes and gave me a long, soulful, searching stare, and I remembered the indignant look she had given me after her cold douche on the Sea-Pink's deck.

"No," I said to Geoffrey, as she closed her eyes and went on with her digestion. "We'd better let sleeping seals lie."

But this was what nobody was prepared to do. The first act of drama had an audience of passing friends and relations—people are always dropping in at Baynton—and before long the news of my seals had reached the neighbouring hamlet of Coulston. Aunt Mary and Cousin Emily disapproved.

"Quite extraordinary!" said Aunt Mary to Cousin Emily, shaking with just indignation. "They've got seals at Baynton. Ronnie blows them up with some sort of bicycle pump. I can't think why he does it. . . ."

"Poor things!" said Cousin Emily, passing on the sad news in the post office. "Fancy a bicycle pump. I'm sure it's cruel blowing them up with wind. Why doesn't he feed them?"

Meanwhile I was now ready to give my two pups a proper baptism. I picked Flipper up first and carried her down the sloping lawn to the part of the pond which my father had adapted for swimming by laying a concrete bottom and steps and erecting a diving board. There I lowered her slowly tail-first into the element which was her birthright.

## Sank to bottom

The water rose round her inarticulate trailing hind-flippers and the queer little remnant of a tail which peeped between them round her tummy and shoulders, turning their woolly whiteness into slippery grey, round her puppy-like neck and head, over the small level openings which were her ears, and over her eyes.

She went on sinking until the last eighth of an inch of her nostrils showed above the surface like a submarine's snorkel tube. For perhaps a minute she hung like that without a movement; then her nostrils closed up as tight as any submarine's hatch, and she sank limp and inert without a motion of protest through four feet of water to the concrete bottom.

There she lay so still that I began to be seized with doubt. What if my calculations about fresh water were wrong? Had Flipper expected to be able to float, failed and then not known what to do about it? There was no doubt that she was lying on the bottom, listing heavily to starboard like a wrecked ship, and her eyes were still tight shut. Had her diving reflexes failed her in these alien waters? Could she be drowning after all?

If I had remembered what Professor Harrison had told me about seal physiology I would have realized at once how absurd these fears were. When a seal dives it does not breathe in, but often expels a little air to lose buoyancy. Under water it keeps going on oxygen stored in its venous system in a special way.

"Oh, do be quick, Daddy!" said my son, Julian, who was standing anxiously beside me with his sister, Angela. "I'm sure she's nearly dead!"

I was indeed on the point of plunging in to the rescue, when Flipper suddenly came to vigorous life. She gave a quick sweep of the body from waist to hind-flippers like an eel, rose to the surface and swam straight for the bank. Teach her to swim indeed! It was as if she had been deliberately showing me that she was perfectly at home in the lake.

I picked her up and dropped her casually into the pond again, as if to show her that it was where she really belonged. But she was not going to be taught by me, especially as she knew so much better herself—indeed it was she who kept teaching me my lessons. She made a second bee-line for the bank.

There she looked at me with an expression that said clearly: When the sun is shining and the skies are blue and the sea is quiet, we belong to the land just as much as you do. So please don't let's have any more horseplay.

Diana confirmed this lesson in her usual more vehement way. She was hardly in before she was out again with a couple of swift flicks of her hind-quarters and firm grip with her claws. When I came to pick her up a second time she struggled and tried to bite me.

"They don't like fresh water a bit, poor things!" said Cousin Emily. "They have to come out straight away into the hot sun. It must be very bad for them, without a scrap of shade. And then he starts inflating them all over again. . . ."

For three days, in between looking after the watercress-growing business which I run at Baynton, my life was a round of warming milk and emulsifying margarine, with only faithful Nelson Kingsbury, a pensioner from the village, to help me hold the squirming seals while I forced the end of the enema-tube into their irritated gullets. For three days they lay in the sun getting whiter and fluffier while their bodies grew fatter and stronger.

Then the fine June weather broke. Flipper and Diana reacted to the wind and cloud at once. In the morning when I let them out of the small wire-netting enclosure I had built to protect them from foxes at night, they made for the water as fast as they could go. I realized that seals like to bathe in the air when human beings liked to bathe in water—only when the weather was fine. The lowering storm clouds that kept human bathers on land drove the seals straight to their habitual element, where they could keep their circulation healthy by constant swimming.

## Antics in the water

We watched them bounce to the edge of the pond and plunge into the water in turn. Once through its fringe of golden-flagged iris, they were free of the weight that hampered them so on land, and all their ungainliness was gone. They started to perform a series of aquabatics on and just below the surface which were pure beauty to behold. They dived, rolled and looped-the-loop, moving as swiftly and turning as suddenly as swallows; they pounced on each others' tails with the momentum of kittens.

This was my first hour of triumph. Angela and Julian were away at school, but I could summon Kay, Aunt Mary and two small village boys as witnesses. Even Cousin Emily had to admit that if ever two animals enjoyed themselves, these two pups were doing so now.

Soon, I hoped, we might all three venture into less restricted waters, but first I had to train them to obey orders and not disappear out to sea at the first opportunity. And here I was up against a snag. To train any kind of animal you have to be able to reward it with a tit-bit when it has behaved itself well. Horses, elephants and dogs are cajoled with sugar-lumps, buns and bones, while sea-lions will only perform for herrings and pollack. But I had nothing to offer my seal-pups. They obstinately refused to suck from a baby's bottle and I had nothing to offer them but the discomfort of a chewed piece of rubber tube which they disliked having forced down their throats.

The problem seemed insoluble—at any rate until I could teach them to eat normally—but events surprised me and proved me wrong.

The seals refused to be tempted by any kind of tit-bit. They spat out everything with positive disgust. Within a couple of days, though, they learned to love the enema-pump. As soon as I appeared with it, even though I was fifty yards away, they would set out excitedly towards me, bouncing along on their bellies, until they could dart out an elastic neck and seize the red rubber in sharp little teeth.

When feeding time came I still had to struggle to force the pipe down their gullets and after the meal was over there was a good deal of apparently uncomfortable hiccupping and belching before they began to look at all satisfied. Yet they loved that enema-pump. Indeed, it was the one thing that proved

**In the garden of Baynton House, Tony Soper "shoots" Diana and Flipper for the B.B.C. television programme *Look* that he was producing with Peter Scott. Later, with special equipment, he tried filming Flipper underwater**

# A seal flies by

*continued from previous page*

I was a friend—and it gave me a sort of control over them.

When I walked to the end of the springboard and dangled the length of red rubber below me, Flipper followed it through the water like a streak of lightning. She thrust two feet of elongated neck and torso clear of the surface with a great swirling and beating of flippers and thighs. Then she seized the dangling end between her ferret-sharp teeth and pulled it down after her.

I played tug-of-war for a while and let go of my end. She shook it like a rat, then watched it fill with water and sink slowly. She rolled over on her back, did an inverted loop, caught its end again and wound it round her just like a kitten playing with a ball of string. Finally she amused herself by swimming on her back in circles and dragging the tube after her.

## Seals' prowess

Both seals spent half their time swimming on their backs. I don't know why a seal swims on its back, but the result is most attractive. Diana and Flipper were pure white on the underside, and when inverted it shone up through the water as if they were silvery reflections of white-bellied birds flying overhead.

"Let's have a bathe, Daddy!" Julian was impressed by the seals' aquatic prowess, and wanted to show that he, too, could swim on his back and under water.

"Yes, Daddy!" Angela arrived on the scene, in her swimsuit.

They leaped into the water at once, with none of the hesitation one might reasonably feel at bathing with a seal. I had not even promised them that Flipper and Diana would not bite them. I had simply said it was most unlikely, and now I kept my fingers crossed. I hoped that pink human toes near the concrete bottom of the lake would only excite their curiosity and not their appetite. Fortunately, although Angela and Julian yelped and squealed and kicked up fountains of splashing water, it was only because they found that seals zooming between their legs, looping around their waists, and sniffing their toes inquisitively was pleasantly terrifying. They never knew exactly where the seals were or what they would do next, and this gave them a tingly feeling of suspense.

Flipper and Diana also found the children far more exciting and unpredictable than an inanimate length of rubber tube. I watched the forsaken enema-pump drift away until it sank out of sight on to the muddy bottom in deeper water, and then I left the mixed foursome to their games, wishing that I could be with them instead of having to deal with my watercress.

I went to bed feeling rather smug. Miss Winifred Fels, for many years in charge of the anthropoid apes of the Munich Zoo and an authority on captive animals of many species, had paid a visit and complimented me on keeping such delicate and rarely handled young creatures alive and kicking. Geoffrey Barnard had also turned up and been delighted to see that things were going so well.

Tomorrow was Sunday. I would be able to forget about watercress beds and start my programme of fraternizing with the pups underwater. But at five o'clock in the morning I was rudely awakened from any complacent dreams by the harsh and insistent ringing of the telephone at my bedside. Such early news could hardly be good.

The voice at the other end of the line was gruff and to the point.

"Mr. Pearson, your two seals are worrying my pigs!"

It was Jim Smith, whose farm marches with my land along a wide and varied front. If Jim wasn't pulling my leg, Flipper and Diana must have escaped from their strongly fortified wire-netting enclosure and travelled a quarter of a mile across country overnight. If they could do this, they might even have mistaken his pigs' snouts for the enema-pump.

"Good Lord! I'm so sorry, Jim! I'll come over right away."

I threw on some clothes and set out with wheelbarrow to fetch the truants home. I arrived to find that, though the seals were amusing Jim and not worrying the pigs, they were certainly worrying me.

The two pups looked like animated and rebellious grey compost. Besides making their long trek overland they had followed him three times round a farmyard full of pig-manure and cow-dung and had finally come to rest in the middle of a green, stagnant puddle of muck. And they had travelled all this way and over this appalling variety of terrain on their bellies, going bounce, bounce, bounce, pause, bounce, bounce, bounce, pause. I could not but feel a sense of awe. They must have been travelling for at least three hours.

Jim laughed heartily when I picked up each filthy seal in turn and dumped it in the wheelbarrow. The two bedraggled truants, their sleek coats daubed with muck and dung, began to look sorry for themselves as they peered out of the barrow with mournful eyes and craning necks. Then I trundled my charges hurriedly home, without time to reflect that there was anything odd in wheeling a barrow-load of seals down a quiet Wiltshire lane at a quarter past five on a Sunday morning.

As the wheelbarrow reached Baynton's back drive, crossed the bottom lawn and approached the pond, the seals' necks craned out farther and farther overboard in protest, and they began to wail their dislike of further incarceration.

Their duet of protest rose to a crescendo until I doused their noise by tipping the two of them out of the wheelbarrow into the pond and left them to rinse off the muck and manure.

## Amazing escape

I saw at once how they had escaped. Seals can ooze through almost anything; they seem to be more ductile and elastic than any other mammals, and make astonishing use of their powers when the circumstances arise. They had oozed through a gap between two posts which was certainly no more than half their normal diameter. I was determined not to let it happen again, even if Diana—the dynamic one, who no doubt had led Flipper astray—was a Houdini among seals.

I decided to go under water with Flipper later than afternoon. I had chosen her as being more docile than Diana. When I went to bring her ashore she refused to come and decided to play a game with me instead. I began by being irritated at her disobedience, and then became intrigued by her game, and finally quite fascinated.

I knelt on the bank and she approached me very slowly and warily at a depth of about four feet, until she lay directly below the tips of my fingers which were waiting to grab her. Then she turned vertically upright, paddling gently with her fore-flippers and treading water with her little hind-legs while she watched with lively and mischievous-looking eyes. I kept as still as a statue while she began to inch her way upwards with tiny flips of her tail end until the tip of her nose surfaced and touched the tips of my fingers. I grabbed—and caught a handful of empty water. With one flashing twist and bend of her hips she had vanished as if she had never been there at all.

## Friendly surrender

She could not have enough of this game of "catch me if you can," and kept coming back for more. Each time Flipper appeared beneath my finger-tips she rose an inch or two higher out of the water, flirting with capture a fraction more dangerously; each time I came nearer to catching her.

I think that most animals would have ended this game by a demonstration of victory; a pony, for example, seeing no bread or sugar offered with his halter, would have kicked up his heels and cantered off to the far end of his paddock. But Flipper deliberately surrendered out of friendship. The last time she came round she rose to the surface between my outstretched arms and waited without moving while they embraced her and lifted her out of the water.

I carried her wet, floppy body high up the lawn and dumped it tenderly; I was growing very fond of her wetness and floppiness, then I hastened indoors to change into swimming trunks and fetch my face-mask, snorkel-tube and flippers, feeling that at last I was going to meet Flipper on her own terms in her own element.

Flipper obeyed my orders. She was still lying where I had deposited her on the lawn when I came flopping up to her, almost as slowly and awkwardly on my rubber flippers as she was accustomed to travel on her stomach.

I put on my face-mask and gripped the mouthpiece of my snorkel-tube between my teeth. My new face seemed to intrigue, but not to alarm her. I may even have looked more seal-like to her, I have seen a photograph of an old bull seal, surfacing with a herring in its mouth, which looked very like me, if only in profile.

Flipper offered no resistance as I lifted her unsteadily from the ground and tottered precariously with her to the lake's edge. Instead she twisted her elastic neck right round so that she could see my eyes through the glass of my face-mask.

"What on earth are we going to do now?" her eyes seemed to say.

A few seconds later she knew. I stepped gingerly down on to the shallow concrete at the lake side and waded out until the water submerged us.

For a brief instant I could see her below the surface, between my arms. Then she gave one galvanic twist of her hind-quarters and was gone. It was the "catch me" game all over again.

I took a deep breath, raised my legs in the air and slid beneath the ripples in the direction I fancied she might have taken, hoping to meet an inquisitive, whiskered face, waiting to play hide-and-seek. But I was sadly over-optimistic. Although I searched in all directions, I saw nothing but wisps of pond-weed and clouds of mud. Disconsolately I collected the lost enema-pump, swam ashore, dried and dressed.

Was it possible that Flipper trusted me completely so long as I remained a

*continued on page 30*

The London Stock Exchange is no longer the City man's exclusive preserve. Among visitors to the public gallery, women outnumber men by two to one

# Women get the City under their thumb

*by RENÉ LECLER*

## Now they're on the march—to the bargain basement of Britain's stocks and shares

At the height of the heat-wave last summer, a smartly dressed woman entered a department store in London's Knightsbridge, browsed through the counters and finally bought a pair of gloves. Then, looking around aimlessly, she saw the sun streaming in through the windows. Purposefully, she strode to a corner of the department and turned all the lights off. Before anyone could stop her, she went down to the staff entrance, found another set of switches and darkened one-third of the store.

By the time a distraught manager caught up with her, she was studying the staff notice board. "I've got shares in this company," she told the man, "and I know, if you don't, that good business starts with small savings. You don't need the lights on today. . . ." Then she calmly walked out into the sunshine.

A year ago, a woman told the manager of her bank in Mayfair that she wished to buy some Greek bonds. The manager looked up the day's quotations, found that the bonds were available at £15 per hundred.

### Risk that paid

He pleaded with his client. "They've been there for years," he told her. "At rock-bottom. They'll never move up." The woman bought the bonds. Within two months the Cyprus troubles were over, relations with Greece had improved and the value of the bonds doubled. "That woman cleared over two thousand pounds," the manager told me. "Of course it was a simple thing, plain common sense—anyone could have seen that. But she was the one who bought."

Many of Britain's leading business men today know this kind of woman. They talk of her in the hushed tones of the expert who has been shown up by the amateur, and their feeling is one of respect tinged with awe. They know that besides spending £8,000 million a year, British women now keep the wheels of business going. They have become investors, moved into the City and gone shopping for stocks and shares with all the shrewdness and common sense of their sex. The old City joke about a woman investor being a person who thinks that blue chips are fried potatoes left out in the cold is out of date, and many a business tycoon has suddenly wakened up to find that a good many of his shareholders wear skirts.

Not long ago, when financier Hugh Fraser took over Harrods, he was quick to pay his respects to his bosses when he told a meeting: "Now we'll have to please the women, not only in the store but in the boardroom as well." In some companies, as much as fifty per cent of the stock is held by women.

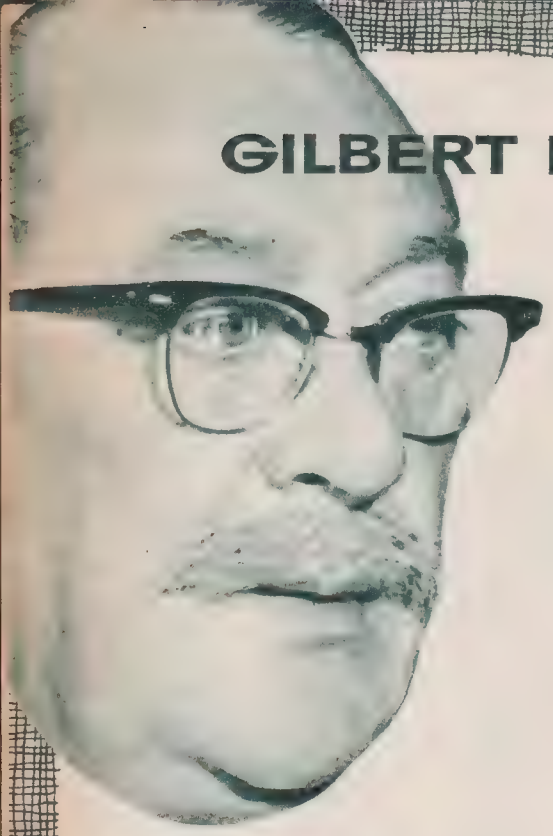
Nobody quite knows when, how and why the women of Britain got interested in bonus issues, dividends and consols. Among the experts in Throgmorton Street and Threadneedle Street, few will commit themselves. All that is known is that in six years 1,250,000 private shareholders have grown into two million, their ranks largely swelled by women.

### Female invasion

Most City men today believe that about one-third of all private investors are women, and some put it higher. If the big investors such as banks and insurance companies are left out of the reckoning, women investors may well number as many as men. The promoters of unit trusts—the trouble-free, spread-your-money type of investment—are happy about this female invasion. The largest of them all, Bank Insurance Trust Corporation, conducted a small survey nearly two years ago which showed that sixty per cent of their clients were men, four per cent were corporate bodies and thirty-six per cent were women—among them teachers, secretaries, housewives, titled women and at least one lady fishmonger. Of these women, 426 were married, eighty-six were widows, and ninety-five spinsters. Another sample, taken more recently, turned up 189 women to 313 men.

One medium-sized firm of stockbrokers has just over two thousand women on its books—roughly forty per cent of their clientele.

To cater for this new demand, the Stock Exchange, an institution not given to blowing its own trumpet, has been gently pushed into speaking up for itself. It has issued booklets, run



# GILBERT HARDING SAYS...

# Treat them like dogs

ON *What's My Line* recently, one of the challengers turned out to be a dog psychiatrist. I was surprised and delighted to learn that there are people who have the patience to find out what makes bad dogs bad and try to put them right.

It's just another example of the strange obsession we in this country have with dogs. I have had many dogs myself, and it is because I am fond of them that I get annoyed when people pet them too much, fuss them, and get too sentimental about them. Or, worse still, nag them into doing tricks, or inflict the horrid details of their dog's pedigree and petty triumphs on their friends. None of those is my idea of how to treat a dog.

"Love me, love my dog," is, in my opinion, a very severe test of friendship. After all, a lot of people don't like dogs. Some fear them, others don't like their smell, nor do they like being smelled. It's a fact that dogs can sometimes be a confounded nuisance, but they have for so long been man's companion, aid and comfort.

And how much pleasanter they are as companions than most people. They make no demands and they are unaffected by the changing fortunes of their masters; no fairweather friends they. Through ups and downs they remain faithful, uncritical, satisfied with the minimum of attention and affection.

In my mind there is no doubt that if a dog could speak there is one thing that it would ask for. Dogs have the right to be left alone—not ignored, but not fussed and pestered—and this is just what so many of our so-called dog-lovers will not allow them.

## Shame on the frills

Not long ago, in the house of an acquaintance, I had to watch his wretched dog go through a whole routine of tricks—dying for his country, sitting up and begging, balancing sugar on his nose, and so on—before my host proudly announced that the dog's supper was "paid" for. Why should a dog "pay" for anything?

These fanatical trick teachers are not so bad as the people who make dogs perform in circuses. That is the worst humiliation of all. Teams of dogs in frilly dresses, jumping through hoops, opening gates, pushing prams; all this sickens me. I can't look at them. A dog in its natural state is a dignified creature, and it is shameful to persuade it to such indignities—even if the persuading is done without physical cruelty, which I sometimes doubt.

There are two classes of dog for which I have neither affection nor admiration. One is the trained hound, be it foxhound, bloodhound, stag-hound, otter-hound or what have you. All of them trained for the chase and excited by the kill, a poor profession for a dog to my mind.

The second class of dog which I find rather tiresome, though less so than their owners, are show dogs, primped up, shampooed, pedicured, tranquillized and displayed for the footling approval of tweedy, pernickety bores.

## Deplorable ears!

In the days when I had a Pekingese of my own named Cham-Pu, I took him one afternoon to a TV studio. Two women present who had been talking about dogs on another programme immediately began discussing Cham-Pu in loud and critical voices. Ignoring me altogether, they listed his defects one by one, crowning them all with the fact that his ears were "deplorable."

The dog was my friend, not an object, and I felt compelled to come to his aid. As the list of defects had mounted, so had my temper. At last I burst out rudely to the more offensive woman: "Madam, your own ears are not even clean."

I caused considerable offence, which I regretted not at all at the time, though I may have later, but the remark had the desired effect of getting rid of the women.

A breed for which I have enormous sympathy and great pity is the racing greyhound, condemned to chase an electric bunny by floodlight in the name of sport. If it is sport, and I don't think so, it does nobody any credit. And when these dogs no longer run fast enough to bring in profit to their owners, many are destroyed. Their brief race is soon run, in more ways than one.

The dog at his best is still a noble animal, and should not be insulted with sloppiness, or debased with indignities. Think of the respect due to the sense and reliability, and the capacity for genuine friendship, of a guide dog for the blind. Think of the courage and sense of duty of the Alsatian left to guard the house, and found dying of burns he had received rolling on a burning rug to put out the fire started by a falling coal.

Let a dog be himself. If you turn him into a performing fool, a bloodthirsty hunter or anything but a faithful friend, you become unworthy of him.

THE END



*continued from page 11*

press advertisements, and made a film about stocks and shares, to create what is known as a "favourable climate of opinion." Most people who wish to invest approach a bank manager or a stockbroker first, but a small number write directly to the Stock Exchange. In 1952, fewer than two hundred did so; in 1954 the figure was 483; a year later, the number of inquiries had gone up to 1,036, and this year they will top the two thousand mark. Among visitors to the Stock Exchange public gallery, women outnumber men two to one.

## Beat the pundits

Last year, when the *Stock Exchange Gazette* ran an investment competition, each entrant was given a portfolio of existing investments plus a short list of others to choose from. They had to do their best to increase their holding within six months. There were 32,000 entries, of which 14,000 were from women and, to the surprise of the experts, the overall winner turned out to be a woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Simpson of Havant, Hampshire. This grey-haired widow of a schoolteacher had beaten the pundits at their own game. Four other women were among the first twelve.

One solicitor mentioned the case of a woman, wealthy in her own right, who told him: "I want to go on the stock market. I am fed up with my husband looking at the financial columns every morning and telling me what a clever fellow he is. . . ." And the solicitor added: "She proved her point too. In the first twelve months, she cleared one thousand two hundred pounds. I'd hate to be in her husband's shoes."

More money, more women working and an interest greatly stimulated by front-page stories of take-over bids have helped the increase in women investors. Many women, especially among the middle class, also derive pleasure from appearing knowledgeable in financial matters. To have a financial adviser is considered to be the right thing, and many friendships have been formed by one woman telling another: "I'll speak to my stockbroker for you in the morning."

Women like the social prestige attached to the ownership of stocks and shares. One West End family solicitor told me: "Many of these women are bridge players, socially minded, with lots of friends and acquaintances. I often know when there's been a party. They talked finance, heard a tip, passed it on and then they all want the same thing. They love to be heard talking about all sorts of companies. They often do it at the hairdresser's."

## Women like gambling

I asked one West End bank manager what he thought of women investors. "They are hard-faced and calculating," he told me. "They want you to be a crystal gazer and are often unreasonable. They want to speculate but they don't want to lose anything."

Not all experts are quite so definite, but most of them agree on one thing: on the Stock Exchange, women are greater gamblers than men. Less preoccupied with security and providing for a family, they take a greater risk. Widows who have been left shares naturally form a fairly large percentage of all women investors and on the whole they are the security-conscious element. They go in for staid companies, and gilt-edged. But other women, with a little money to play with, demand results, and four or six per cent is not a big enough return for many of them.

Most men investors get their dividends put into their banks as a matter of course. But not the women. "When they get a dividend, they like to handle the cheque or feel the crinkle of cash and they usually take it out to spend it," said one bank manager. "I can almost follow them across the road to the shops." One of his clients, the wife of a store manager, told him that with her dividends she had completely changed her wardrobe in a year.

The spreading of financial information by word of mouth has more effect on women investors than on men. But although they are more ready to listen to gossip, women are rarely successful in getting in on the ground floor with a new issue or some big financial change within one of the five thousand companies quoted on the Stock Exchange. Few of them are financial wizards in their own right. The men in the know get in first, spread the word around and the word might then fall on feminine ears.

One woman, a fashion adviser to a large store, once rang her solicitor at 10 p.m. from a country house party. "I have just heard something," she told him, "and I am sure it's good. I want three hundred of those tomorrow morning, at any price. . . ." The solicitor told me: "She did not get in on the ground floor, but she certainly caught up on the first landing. It was a risky bet and she knew it. She only kept the shares a fortnight but she cleared three hundred pounds."

Most experts agree that men usually know the basic essentials of investment on the stock market. They study the market carefully, make up their own minds, for good or for bad, and take a decision. Few women really know the background of financial affairs, but they make up with intuition and acute perception.

One thing most women investors have in common is a predilection for stock in consumer goods like food, clothes and furniture and especially stores. One stockbroker told me: "You can sell a store share to any woman. She knows about it. Quite often she takes a childish proprietorial interest in the firm if she has shares in it. But at the same time she knows intuitively whether the business is good or bad and, being the shopper among us, she is the first to know if a household product is selling well."

## A personal affair

Women like to keep an eye on their investment, comment on the quality of the product they have backed and tell other women. For this reason most big industrialists are careful to court their women shareholders. One of them, Sir Ian Lyle, chairman of Tate and Lyle, recently said: "They are the best salesmen we've got. They buy the product and help to expand its potentialities."

For most men investors, buying and selling shares is a cold-blooded business. Women take it personally, even if it is to their detriment. One stockbroker I consulted was shocked when a woman client who had recently lost her husband told him to sell a large holding of shares in Guinness and Imperial Tobaccos. "I don't believe in drinking and smoking," she told him. "Sell them right away." The stockbroker added: "A man might have the highest principles but he will know how to keep his financial affairs in a different pocket."

Women investors are seldom interested in goods they don't see. They rarely buy foreign bonds or important industrials, but most of the City men I talked to agreed that the quick success

*continued on page 32*

YOU CAN BE A TYCOON FOR A POUND A MONTH

*in an investment club, the latest money-making craze*

**HILARY AGATE**
*tells you about them next week in*
**JOHN BULL**

# The treasure of Huntsman's Cottage

*It was Jim's by right and Muriel's by law. But was it worth marrying for?*

by CLIVE BURNLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

IF you hired a man to redecorate your drawing-room and instead he knocked a hole in your kitchen wall, I dare say you'd be annoyed. Mrs. Muriel Tiplode was, anyway.

"What the devil," said she, "do you think you're up to?"

It took Jim Woodpack some time to explain.

Jim was one of the Woodpacks from Merryvue Bohun, an old local family, but one which had been represented for some years only by the names on the headstones in the churchyard. But now Jim had come back to the village from Africa—a hearty man coming up to forty, still sallow from too much sunshine.

An engineer, he called himself. The term has as many definitions as "gentleman," but maybe Jim had the right to it because it seemed he had been taking some part in building a great dam in the jungle. All the same, it was queer that, when he came back, he should find nothing better than odd jobs to fill in his time—such jobs as redecorating Huntsman's Cottage for Mrs. Tiplode at fifty per cent under the jobbing builder's quotation.

Muriel Tiplode, eighteen months a widow at thirty, had bought Huntsman's Cottage a month before. She had to have somewhere to live fairly close to Galley Moor Brickworks, where she worked as a secretary. She was a nicely shaped woman, and when she smiled, her face broke out in dimples.

But she didn't smile at Jim Woodpack that evening.

WHEN she had left the cottage to go to work that same morning, he had been ripping off the stained hardboard ceiling that had covered up the beautiful beams in the little drawing-room. But when she came back she found him in the kitchen with a hammer and chisel chopping a great hole in the wall beside the gas cooker. And that was why she asked what the devil did he think he was up to?

He smiled at her with the blandest and most cocksure expression and told her. He'd been busy in the drawing-room pulling down the hardboard ceiling when a big six-axle transporter had come rumbling along Back Lane behind the house, one of those gigantic army vehicles from the camp at Crochett. It had shaken the old cottage and he had heard a noise in the kitchen. When he went to look, he had found that part of the plaster had fallen down—she would remember that it had always been loose—so he'd set to work to cut out the weak spot and tidy up. He promised he'd replace it and make it good; no extra charge.

Mrs. Tiplode put the kettle on for a cup of tea without saying a word, but after she had blown the match out she turned round to face Jim Woodpack and said, very distinctly: "You're a liar."

"My dear madam!" Jim exclaimed, deeply shocked, deliberately dropping

Jim could see that he was going to have a hard job explaining a few things. Why he had knocked a hole in Mrs. Tiplode's wall for instance

## GETTING TO KNOW YOURSELF

# Are you an optimist or a pessimist?

**Maybe you are neither a pessimist nor an optimist, but a fatalist, believing that all events are inevitable anyway, so why worry? You can find out by answering these ten questions, set by a doctor.**

**1. "Eat, drink, and be merry; for tomorrow we die."**
(a) A good policy for the H-bomb Age?
(b) True for many people but not for me?
(c) The slogan of irresponsible people?

**2. Romantic love between a man and a woman flourished at its zenith**
(a) in the Age of Knights, moated castles and chivalry?
(b) at any time when sex taboos and conventions were relaxed?
(c) in different countries at different times?

**3. Some statisticians point out that the proportion of the population suffering from mental illness has risen so steadily in this century that on present trends the whole of humanity will in time be mentally unstable.**
(a) Is this obviously and ominously true?
(b) Is it rubbish?
(c) Is it open to argument because of increased awareness of mental illness?

**4. Whether the day ahead is a holiday or just another working day, do you persistently oversleep or try to grab a few more minutes in bed?**
(a) Yes.
(b) No.

**5. Every era has its dangers to life as well as its advantages. For a newborn baby the least dangerous age to be born in would be**
(a) prehistoric times when man lived naturally?
(b) the ancient world when world wars were unknown?
(c) today, with the resources of medical science?
(d) Tomorrow, when war has been banished from the earth?

**6. It looks as if in the lifetime of many of us man will reach the moon or even one of the planets. Is this**
(a) ominous because it may mean a war between the great powers for the possession of extra global territory?
(b) promising for sources of new minerals, foods and power?
(c) a silly waste of time, effort and money because there can't be any real benefits?

**7. We have had some bad summers recently. Does this suggest**
(a) that man has upset the natural cycle of the seasons?
(b) that a new ice age is on the way as a natural incident of climatic history?
(c) that we only imagine summers are worse than they used to be?

**8. A married man with a family who spends an eighth of his net income on life assurance premiums is**
(a) a dutiful husband and father?
(b) emotionally uncertain of his security?
(c) beset with premonitions of early death?
(d) the victim of slick insurance company salesmen?

**9. "People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones" really means**
(a) that critical people always have something sinful to hide.
(b) that everyone should mind their own business.
(c) that tolerant people conceal their own faults and ignore those of their friends.

**10. You are out on a country walk with a close friend or relative. He or she slips off a stile and breaks a leg. There's no one about and no house in sight. Is your first reaction**
(a) What can I best do to help?
(b) This would happen to me?
(c) I'd best do as little as possible until a doctor can be found.

Now turn to page 39

*continued from previous page*

the hammer clang on to the floor to express his astonishment.

"If you were pulling down the drawing-room ceiling," said Mrs. Tiplode, "you couldn't have seen whether it was an army transporter or a black coach driven by a headless coachman coming down Back Lane. Not unless you can see through two nine-inch brick walls and six hundredweight of coal in the lean-to."

"I could tell," he said, "by the sound of it."

"I suppose you're a man with a sixth sense," Muriel said. "But whatever your sixth sense is, it isn't business sense: you took on this decorating at less than it'll cost for materials, and now here you are offering to replaster walls for nothing."

"Well, call it a hobby of mine," Jim suggested. "As long as you're satisfied, that's all I worry about."

"You can start worrying, then," said Mrs. Tiplode, "because I'm not satisfied. Oh, you can splosh paint about as well as the next man. But you're up to something and I don't know what your game is, and I don't like it. I don't like the way you poke about."

"Oh, Mrs. Tiplode," protested Jim. "Come now. Whatever can you mean —poking about?"

"What I mean by poking about is poking about," she told him. "Your job is to do the drawing-room. But Mrs. Reilly opposite sees you in the front bedroom, and Mrs. Hotchkiss next door hears you singing in the pantry. I find drips of the blue paint you used in the drawing-room inside the coal shed, and fingerprints of it, too. And who could it be left the loft door open last Tuesday? And then it comes to knocking holes in my kitchen. . . . I tell you straight, Mr. Woodpack, sheer nosiness is bad enough in a woman, but in a man—well, it's downright indecent."

"But I assure you. . . ."

"It can't be anything else but sheer nosiness," she persisted. "If you were a sneak thief, you'd have been off with my cameo brooch and the portable radio days ago. If you were just a keen student of eighteenth-century cottage architecture, you wouldn't have worried about a corrugated iron coal shed. If you were looking for a pail to mix whitewash in, you wouldn't have gone into the front bedroom. What else can it be? . . . Mr. Woodpack, if you don't give me a good explanation, you can leave the job now, tonight, and never come back, and I'll get somebody else to finish it, even if they do charge double."

THE mere suggestion of his leaving Huntsman's Cottage then and for ever visibly upset Jim Woodpack. His assurance left him, and his immediate protests sounded a little incoherent.

"Well, there it is," said the young widow. "You tell me what your game is and I'll listen. Otherwise, just as soon as you've finished your cup of tea—out."

Jim squirmed. He made protests and promises. He denied the evidence in one breath and tried to explain it away in the next. Finally he had to explain.

It was a most extraordinary explanation, but parts of it Mrs. Tiplode could confirm from what village acquaintances had told her.

The previous owner of Huntsman's Cottage had been the late Mrs. Julia Spiro, a beldam who could also be a lady bountiful, a creature who had frightened some and befriended others, a person a little cranky with excess of years.

Neighbourly gossip had told Mrs. Tiplode this much, but it had somehow neglected to mention that Mrs. Spiro had been a connection of the Woodpacks, being in fact Jim's aunt. She had been the widow of a famous circus proprietor better known by the self-conferred title of Count Spiro—a very wealthy woman, Jim said. No doubt she might have been wealthier had she not had a peasant's distrust of banks and all forms of business which converted tangible cash in hand into entries in ledgers; hers was the mentality of the long stocking and the hoard in the mattress.

Jim had been her heir, but she had died while he was in Africa. Well-meaning but ill-informed executors had thought that there was nothing for him to inherit, except the cottage; unaware of his whereabouts, uncertain indeed if he were still alive, they had sold the place on his behalf to avoid heavy dilapidation costs.

But Jim knew, as no one else had been allowed to know, that in some secret hiding place in Huntsman's Cottage, in notes and gold and jewellery, Aunt Julia had kept her fortune—thousands of pounds, it must have amounted to. Hadn't she left him, many years before, sitting in her kitchen, almost where he sat now, while she went out of the room for six or seven minutes, to return with seven hundred pounds in rather dusty, fusty notes, so that he could buy his first car on his twenty-first birthday?

FOR Jim had been her favourite. And now he was convinced that somewhere in Huntsman's Cottage his inheritance, Aunt Julia's hoard, still lay undiscovered. The furniture had been sold, it was true, but he had traced most of it and he felt quite certain that the hiding place was in fact in the structure of the house. He meant to find it and that was why he was here.

That was Jim Woodpack's explanation.

"And now perhaps, ma'am," he said, "you understand."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Tiplode. "I understand. I understand exactly. I've a very good mind to go straight down to the police cottage and give you in charge. The impudence of it! You get into my house by fraud, pretending to be a decorator, only so that you can steal my property. The very idea!"

"*Your* property? But. . . ."

"I bought Huntsman's Cottage," said the widow, "every tile and brick, and if there's anything hidden under the floorboards, it's as much mine as the soot in the chimneys."

"It is not, ma'am," retorted Jim, banging on the table. "I won't have that. Aunt Julia left it to me. You say otherwise and I'll take you to law."

"Do be reasonable," said Mrs. Tiplode. "You can't take me to law about it until you've found it, and if I order you out of the house this minute, as I've a perfect right to do, you never will find it, will you?"

"By golly," said Jim sadly, "you may have a soft face, Muriel Tiplode, but you've got a hard heart."

"I'm not such a fool as some," she agreed. "You and your taking people to law! Even if you had the money, do you think that would do you any good? Ever hear of treasure trove?"

"I did have a worrying thought about it," admitted Jim. "But I don't know the rights of the thing."

"Well, I'll tell you," Muriel Tiplode said. "With treasure trove they hold a coroner's inquest, and they confiscate it for the government, and if they like your face you get ten bob for finding it. You bring the law into this, Mr. Woodpack, and that's what'll happen."

JIM said: "You're a clever woman. Brains as well as beauty, there's no denying it. But you're a reasonable woman, too, and you know as well as I do that that money's mine. I've got a moral right to it."

"Moral fiddlesticks," said she. "It's mine, every penny."

"I reckon we'd better talk this over a bit longer," said Jim.

They did. More relentless bargaining never disgraced a conference of foreign ministers. But at the end of an hour and a half a curious compromise was reached. Muriel Tiplode was to have half the treasure, when found, if it should amount to less than two thousand pounds. Beyond that figure she would content herself with a third.

She had no doubt whatever of the treasure's existence any more than Jim Woodpack had; it fitted in too well with what she had heard of Mrs. Spiro, and with her own secret belief that it was

*continued on page 37*

# So you want to be an M.P.

by KEITH ELLIS

At elections they're heroes. But in the House they're lucky if they are able to speak—or even find a seat

HOWARD JOHNSON is a successful Brighton solicitor. Richard Body is an up-and-coming young barrister. Douglas Dodds-Parker is a senior business representative whose services are in growing demand. What they recently had in common was that they were all M.P.s. What they now have in common is that they have given up, without a fight, seats which they would almost certainly have retained.

Perhaps the most unusual aspect of the 1959 general election is the number of M.P.s who decided not to fight it. There are nearly seventy of them altogether. Though they have put forward a variety of reasons for their decisions, most of them are just disillusioned with parliamentary life.

To most outsiders, membership of Parliament seems a glamorous and desirable occupation. The M.P. has power and status. He is at the centre of things and has a personal influence, however remote, on decisions which may affect the future of the world. It is at least possible that he may become Prime Minister.

The income is not princely—£1,750, reduced to around £1,000 by expenses—but Parliament sits for only thirty-seven and a half hours a week, for not much more than half the year. Members are not obliged to attend a single session, and by intelligently anticipating divisions they can set up an impressive voting record by spending only a few hours each week at the House. "Some members," said one experienced M.P., "get away with murder."

Unfortunately, there are snags to being an M.P. It is hard to get in and victory at the poll is often a prelude to a career of idleness and frustration, as a small and dispensable part of the party machine.

The rule of the party machine starts with the selection of candidates. Although anyone may stand except bankrupts, lunatics, convicted felons, clergymen of the Church of England and one or two other categories, 1,306 of the 1,409 candidates at the 1955 General Election were nominees of the three major parties. No Independents were elected.

The right background helps. Of the 345 Conservative M.P.s elected in 1955, 260 were educated at public schools. On the Labour side, candidates with trade union backing had much safer seats on average than those without union support. Of sixty-three candidates put up by five major unions, only four failed to win. Altogether, ninety-six Labour members were sponsored by unions.

For really safe seats, competition is intense. Richmond, Surrey, has a Conservative majority of 12,955. When it became known that a new candidate was needed, 134 people applied. But the local association ignored them all. It chose, instead, Anthony Royle, a Lloyd's broker who had fought well against Mark Bonham-Carter at the Torrington by-election.

As a candidate, the would-be M.P. is built up into a local hero. During the election campaign, hundreds of dedicated men and women try to persuade voters that he has a cure for the country's ills. Nothing could be a greater contrast to the reception he gets at Westminster. Among his 629 colleagues, he is almost a nonentity.

## One locker each

He finds that his only personal accommodation is a tiny locker, approximately thirty inches by nine inches by twenty-four inches, which will just take a briefcase standing on its end. If there is anything exciting happening in the Chamber, he will be lucky to find a seat. For 630 members, there are only 437 places, and ninety-one of these are in side-galleries from which members are not allowed to address the House.

Office accommodation is even less adequate. There is barely room for 150 secretaries, and only if he arrives early will he secure one of the forty desks set aside for members themselves. He has to provide his own typewriter, and if he wants to make a phone call he may have to walk hundreds of yards through the corridors before finding one of the few kiosks vacant.

Often, he will have to write his letters sitting on one of the benches in Central Lobby. When these are occupied, he may, like others, have to lean against a pillar and dictate to a secretary perched beside him on an upturned suitcase.

From Mondays to Thursdays, the House sits from 2.30 p.m. to 10.30 p.m., and on Fridays from 11 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. Sometimes, these hours are extended.

Small majorities, packed programmes and a greatly increased interest by constituency parties have tightened party discipline to a degree inconceivable before the war.

When the division bells ring, M.P.s have just six minutes to scramble into the voting lobbies.

During the 1950-51 Labour government, whose majority was only six, Labour members who were ill were lodged at the Westminster Hospital. When the bells rang, they were called out of bed, hustled into taxis and driven round to Palace Yard. One of the whips noted their presence and then voted for them. So long as they were in the precincts, he could use this procedure, which is known as "nodding 'em through."

"You're just lobby fodder," says one former M.P. who is not standing again.

An M.P.'s chances of putting a Bill of his own on the statute-book are remote. For the right to present one of the twenty private members' Bills which are introduced each year, nearly three hundred members ballot. Only half of those who succeed see their Bills become law.

On government legislation, his influence is minute. After spending hours working on a speech, he may sit all afternoon and evening hoping to catch the Speaker's eye. More likely than not he will fail to do so and take his speech home undelivered. On average, the ordinary backbencher can expect to speak in the Chamber for less than one and a half hours *a year*.

Such ruthless competition comes as a shock to many members. "Those who've made a splash in local government often don't like it in Parliament," says one M.P. "Here, they find they're very little fish in a big pool."

## Space—and sewers

Being present in the Chamber is the least of an M.P.'s duties. At any time, around three hundred members are sitting on various parliamentary committees, which meet two or three times a week. In addition, both parties have committees and sub-committees which study subjects ranging from sewerage to space-travel, and most of them attract between a dozen and fifty members. Both parties also have regular meetings of members from neighbouring constituencies to discuss local problems.

Although M.P.s still find solace in the hero-worship of their constituents, they are tending more and more to become a combination of welfare officer, free legal

# So you want to be an M.P.

*continued from previous page*

adviser and general sympathizer. One member unconnected with the medical profession even had a constituent address him as "doctor."

Most get about fifty "problem" letters a week. All require an answer and many have to be passed on to ministers or other authorities, or the matter has to be raised in the House. Members either write out replies in long-hand or pay for expensive secretarial assistance.

In addition, the Saturday morning "surgery" in the consituency has become standard. In a typical session starting at 9.30 a.m., one M.P. gave advice without a break on twenty-three cases ranging from housing to pneumoconiosis and had to call a taxi to catch the 2.6 p.m. train to London. He was extremely annoyed when he found that it had no dining-car.

Unless he is lucky enough to represent a constituency in London or the Home Counties, he either lives in London and visits his constituency at weekends or lives in his constituency and spends three or four nights a week in London. He gets free first-class travel between London and his constituency but he has to pay for his hotel accommodation.

Either way, he has much less home life than most men. One M.P. lives in London and represents a constituency in the North. He rarely returns from the House before 11 p.m., and of the first sixteen weekends of this year, he spent nine in his constituency, five abroad on parliamentary business and only two at home. "When my children were small," he says, "I sometimes didn't see them for weeks at a time."

However hard he works, an M.P. has little chance of making progress. At any time, fewer than seventy members of the majority party hold paid government posts. Harold Macmillan spent fourteen years as a backbencher.

Membership of Parliament is also highly insecure. Of the 640 M.P.s elected to the 1945 Parliament, only 280 were still sitting in February, 1959, and some of these had changed their constituencies.

Apart from being defeated at the polls, a member never knows when a clash between his own views and those of his constituency party may lead to his being asked for his resignation. Both Stanley Evans (Labour) and Nigel Nicolson (Conservative) lost the confidence of their constituency parties for taking the "wrong" view over Suez.

Still less predictable are the recommendations of the Boundary Commissioners whose work is to adjust constituency boundaries to ensure that electorates are as nearly equal as possible. They may abolish a constituency altogether or add or take away an area whose political complexion may wipe out the sitting member's majority.

Among members who were apparently defeated in 1955 because of redistribution were Sir Gurney Braithwaite, Michael Foot and Woodrow Wyatt. When Sir Ralph Assheton—now Baron Clitheroe—found his seat at Blackburn West abolished, he gave up politics altogether. Only a few years before, he had been the member for the City of London when it was abolished.

### The idle hours

Oddly enough, what breaks many M.P.s is not the bustle or the insecurity. It is the enforced idleness. The necessity of voting keeps them hanging about the House for hours, even when they have no other business there.

Some read or write books. A few, interested in painting, have managed to find a room which they have equipped as a studio. Others poise themselves on the hard chairs at the library tables, hopefully waiting for earlier arrivals to stir from the few armchairs. The majority retire to the cafeteria or smoke-room and gossip.

Many of them begin to wonder whether they could not be spending their time more usefully in doing a job in addition to the one for which they are already being paid. (Others have entered Parliament with this idea in mind all along.)

Dr. Reginald Bennett, Iain Macleod's parliamentary private secretary and a qualified psychiatrist, took an interviewing job with an agency which selects candidates for industrial management. One day, when he was due to interview a number of men who had made special journeys from the North of England, the whips told him that his vote was needed on a standing committee which would be dividing all morning.

Bennett arranged to see the men in one of the half-dozen interviewing-rooms available for M.P.s at the House. From time to time, a whip phoned down and Bennett had to break off his interview to vote in the committee.

### Why they give up

Although many members successfully combine a part-time job with Parliament, those who allow the outside job to become too important find that they are unable to do justice to both. Eventually, they are forced to choose.

As Parliament is nearly always the less well-paid of the two, they choose the outside job. This is perhaps the commonest reason why so many young and vigorous men leave politics.

One business man M.P. who decided not to stand this time is typical of many. Last October, during the recess, he made an extensive business reconnaissance in the Middle East. On his return, he reported to his board which decided to follow up with a major sales campaign. But now the House was in session and he was unable to return. The colleague who took his place collected orders worth £1½ million.

This M.P. has tried to combine business and Parliament for many years. "But I've discovered you can't expect to be taken seriously in business if you've got to attend at the House for thirty-eight weeks a year. So I've decided to be a full-time business man.

"I love the House. But it's just not worth it on the money." THE END

### And Now A Word From . . .

*"Excuse me, madam. What do you think of the government's foreign policy?"*

"Feathering their own nests."

*"Wouldn't that be financial policy? I meant, do you think they're handling foreign affairs well?"*

"They're all foreigners themselves. Pretending to be British, that's what they are, but really they're as foreign as they come. More foreign than foreigners, they are."

*"Oh, well, are you in favour of Nato?"*

"Are there foreigners in it?"

*"Yes. It's an alliance, you know, of Atlantic powers."*

"Then I'm against it. That Foreign Secretary . . . the title tells you he's a foreigner, doesn't it?"

*"Not quite . . . but perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me whether you support the reunification of Germany?"*

"Not if the Germans want it I don't."

*"Do you think the government are fair to the colonies?"*

"You could tell from the Budget they were all foreigners. Smelled of foreignness it did. I remember. . . ."

HOWARD BROOKES

### Invitation Postponed

Dear Aunt Moira,

We were looking forward to asking you over this week, but things are rather at sixes and sevens as Wilcox has got mildly concussed during the parrot's hiccups.

The parrot had a terrible fit of hiccups and after Wilcox had failed to make it hold its breath or drink out of the wrong side of its water-cup, he tried to give it a fright. He shouted and flapped his hands but the parrot just hiccupped worse; Wilcox decided that what would frighten a parrot might not be the same thing as would frighten a human. So he hid behind the french windows on all-fours and made lion and tiger noises.

An old lady who had called about a wheelbarrow we had advertised found him doing this and thought he was amusing a child. Being sporty, she raised her umbrella and said "Bang! Bang!" This cured the parrot's hiccups but made it begin to sing "The Red Flag" very loudly and the woman, who was a canvasser for the Conservatives, thought she was being insulted. To show she could keep her end up she began to sing a song she had composed in honour of Mr. Macmillan.

Wilcox suddenly realized that he was still on all-fours and in jumping up cracked his head against the bird bath. . . .

R. G. G. PRICE

### Modern Love Song

*A windy magic wrapped around*
*Our meeting in the Underground*
*Till, after Marble Arch had gone,*
*Our papers touched and we were one.*
*Through dinner, supper, film and play*
*My love grew dearer day by day;*
*Dearest of all when we were wed,*
*Buying four up, three down and shed,*
*Whence I was happy to commute*
*Till the decree was absolute.*

HAZEL TOWNSON

### PERSONAL COLUMN

SYD. Go and fry ice. Doris.

FAMOUS Author teaches YOU to write jokes for matchboxes. JB 411.

WILL anyone motoring Casablanca early November offer seats to madly witty, well-informed couple with small alligator? Willing pay towards drinks. Decent sort of car preferred. JB 412.

PEERESS seeks first footman, second nurse, third parlourmaid, fourth groom, fifth gardener. One hundred kept. JB 413.

FOR sale, Napoleon's back-scratcher; or would exchange for good set of Georgian tongue-scrapers and ear-picks. JB 414.

WRITE TV scripts. No education, training or ideas necessary. JB 415.

FILM producer requires Mammoths, Pterodactyls, also one hundred Mermaids, any condition. JB 416.

WHY not take up GRASS WATCHING? Grand 101-page booklet tells how to make Britain's newest pastime pay. JB 417.

A— R—, a gigolo reduced to working for a living, is now prosperous again. He was tided over a bad patch by Distressed Gigolos' Benevolent Association. Have you subscribed?

GENTLEMAN wishing to prospect for blanco would appreciate £1,000 loan. JB 418.

HISTORIC Viper Hall now open to public. See 16th-cent. pest-hole, 17th-cent. priest-hole, 18th-cent. ice-hole, 19th-cent. coal-hole, 20th-cent. funk-hole. Also unrivalled collection of Canadian Pacific cowcatcher-hobby of 15th Earl

E. S. TURNER

### So Glad You Could Come

*My wife will ponder, toil and plan*
*For days before our guests' invasion*
*To make the whole house spick and span,*
*As though it were a royal occasion.*

*And when at last they come to stay,*
*With all that work behind us,*
*It's very likely she will say,*
*"Just take us as you find us"*

DOUGLAS GIBSON

It's bedtime—and millions of Americans huddle round their radios for an orgy of sob stories—all with fairytale endings

by ELVIS JACKSON

# Big Joe blares happiness all night long

The Somebody who cares, Joe Rosenfield, samples the amenities of a children's playground which he sponsors

MIDNIGHT has crossed the Atlantic; from Nova Scotia to the Florida Keys the land is dark and nothing but moving twinkles of headlights connect the cities' pools of light. At this hour, every night of the week, two million Americans hear from their wireless sets the words:

"Have no fear. Big Joe is here." Pause. "Ah doan wanna be rich; ah cayn't be good-looking. All ah wanna be is happy. Until six o'clock in the mawnin' then we'll all be happy together, because somebody cares."

The Happiness Exchange is on the air. From now till six o'clock in the morning many of the two million listeners, from Miami to Michigan, from Michigan to Montreal, will be telephoning to Big Joe, offering him sums of money from one to one hundred dollars, because somebody cares.

This is the nightly broadcast of the Happiness Exchange Foundation, a non-profit, tax-exempt corporation embodied in the person of Big Joe, who is Joe Rosenfield, jun., ex-alcoholic, member of Alcoholics Anonymous, thirty years married, a grandfather, and the only paid member of the Happiness Exchange.

This is a sponsored programme, he says. The advertisers of the products that he sells—perfumes, wireless sets, vitamins, books and, surprisingly, sleeping pills—pay all the costs of broadcasts, lights and telephones, and: "They pay my salary. So every cent you give goes to what you give it for."

## A brother's creed

He will say, too: "We have a creed by which we broadcast. Our creed is that we *are* our brother's keeper; that there is only one race, the human race; and we know that the one sure way to be happy is by helping others less fortunate than ourselves, regardless of creed or colour."

In ten years this Happiness Exchange has established and maintains two ambulances and a twenty-bed pavilion in New York's Knickerbocker Hospital; a maternity annex to a hospital in Nigeria; two settlements for children of lepers in the Philippines; a war orphanage in Italy; a dormitory for homeless men in Madras, all free to the "less fortunate."

It maintains in New York a recreation centre for the blind, a transport service for the sick and crippled, baseball teams for boys of the slums, a blood bank, a bone-marrow bank, a legal advice bureau, an employment bureau for workers over forty.

Through the Happiness Exchange you can get free medical advice, medicines, eye and ear examination, spectacles, hearing aids, dentistry, dentures, crutches, wheel chairs—two thousand wheel chairs at a manufacturer's cost price of $40 have been given away.

All these enterprises have been initiated on the air and supported by interested listeners.

The broadcasting studio is open to all comers; friends and strangers come and go and one night Big Joe interrupted himself to exclaim in amazement: "WHO are you? I never saw such a fat man in my life," he told us. "WHAT do you weigh?" he asked.

## Aid for Albert

Thus into our lives came Albert. (Receivers of aid are never identified; only a Christian name is given.) Albert weighed forty stone. He was a taxi driver, unemployed because he could no longer get into the driving seat of a cab, penniless, homeless and hungry. Big Joe gave him a night's lodging, a dollar and strict injunctions to get free medical advice next day.

Albert reappeared next night, accompanied by a Happiness Exchange doctor, who assured us that he could be reduced in size by treatment and a diet consisting of nothing but beefsteaks. Steaks are costly in New York.

"Cousins," said Big Joe, who has

*continued on page 36*

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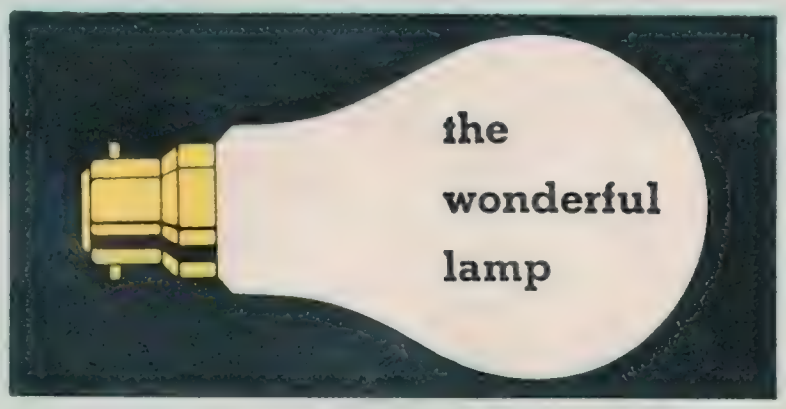
Consult your lamp supplier, and he'll suggest many economical improvements. And always ask him for Osram—those wonderful lamps that add life to all lighting.

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MY LIFE WITH OTTO JOHN · 2

*by Lucie John*

# *I save my husband's life —by letter*

**Under the Reds, Otto was driven almost to suicide. Then I wrote: "Life is a gift . . ."**

THREE days after Otto's disappearance from West Germany a maid ran into the bedroom of our house in Cologne where I had returned to rest and try to recover from the shock. She shouted: "Madam, hurry—come downstairs! It's just been announced on the wireless that Dr. John is going to speak on the *Deutschlandsender* from East Berlin."

I pulled myself together and hurried down to the lounge. Four intelligence officers who had been detailed to act as my bodyguard sat there expectantly.

From the radio I heard Otto's voice. "My fellow-citizens. . . ." I fell into an armchair, hardly taking in what he was saying. But I noticed that he wasn't talking at ease. He seemed to be gasping for breath; there was an unusual intonation in his voice which didn't escape my trained ears. He went on to criticize the policies of the West German Government.

"What do you say to this?" asked one of the bodyguard.

"My husband is a prisoner," I said mechanically, through my despair. "He's been abducted. If he was free he would never use a pompous phrase like 'My fellow-citizens.' I can tell from his

Lucie John, wife of the missing security chief. For seventeen months she waited, patiently and in fear

Otto John (centre) sees East German plans for rebuilding eastern Berlin . . . a picture taken by the Communists two weeks after he vanished

# My life with Otto John

*continued from previous page*

voice that he is under a very great strain."

"But supposing it's proved that he has gone over to the Communists? What would you do?" asked my questioner.

"In that case I would divorce him."

"If you had the chance to join him in the East—would you take it?"

"No. The Communists would simply use me as a hostage to prevent Otto from escaping," I replied.

I went back to my room. The situation I had to face was almost intolerable. Otto was alive—yet he was in East Berlin, in the hands of the Communists. I knew about Communist methods; how they extracted secrets and confessions by torture and brainwashing. The case of Cardinal Mindszenty came to my mind. I was certain that Otto would be exploited until he was no longer considered useful. Afterwards he would be ruthlessly done away with.

The morning after his broadcast I got a letter from Otto through the post. Obviously in great haste, he had written on a slip of paper: "Darling, circumstances which I cannot yet disclose have forced me to take a step which I'll explain later."

## Kept prisoner

The wording, and particularly the fact that Otto, who was head of West German Intelligence, had underlined the words "not yet" and "forced" proved to his Intelligence colleagues that he was a prisoner. "It has been written in accordance with the arrangements we agreed beforehand, in case any of us should fall into the clutches of the Communists," one of them told me. "Now we must encourage your husband to hold out until he gets a chance to escape."

While the Intelligence men studied the letter and drafted a suitable reply, I had a call from the airport. It was from Harry Soedermann, the Swedish criminologist and a friend of Otto's, who had just flown in from New York to investigate his disappearance.

Harry asked me a lot of questions. Finally he said: "It looks like something out of a detective novel. Never mind. I'll get Otto out of East Berlin."

"But how?"

"Leave that to me," he said. He went on to tell me how he had once saved the life of Ernst Wollweber, the Communist police boss in East Germany. Wollweber, a Communist politician in Germany before the war, had narrowly escaped assassination by the Nazis and fled to Sweden. There he was subsequently imprisoned for Communist activity. The time came when Wollweber's sentence was almost finished, and he was due to be deported back to Nazi Germany—and certain execution.

Soedermann told me: "I instructed Wollweber to beat up his prison warder so that he would get a further sentence. This he did repeatedly, every time his term in jail was due to end, until the Nazis were defeated. So the man owes me his life. I'll fly to East Berlin tomorrow and have a word with him about Otto."

But Soedermann's mission failed—he was unable to see either Otto or Wollweber. Much later, after I had heard the full story of Otto's disappearance, and his life behind the Iron Curtain, from Otto himself, I knew why. He had never been held by the East German police. He was in the hands of the Russian Secret Service.

Otto told me that on the day of his disappearance he went to the surgery of Dr. Wolfgang Wohlgemuth to pick up a medical certificate for the widow of an old friend. The doctor gave him a cup of coffee, then asked Otto to come round to his flat, where he claimed to have left the certificate. Directly they were in Wohlgemuth's car, the doctor said: "I've got to see my accountant urgently—it won't take a minute!" He engaged the gears and shot off towards East Berlin.

Otto had now begun to feel drowsy and listless. He recalled saying: "Slow down, you fool! You're driving like a maniac," as the car swerved through the traffic. Then he passed out completely.

The following evening he awoke from a deep, unnatural sleep. He was lying on a couch in a darkened room, dressed only in shirt and trousers. His wrist watch was missing. Through an open door leading to another room he could see a group of three men and a woman in white hospital overalls, sitting under a light. Two of the men were reading; the other watched Otto intently for the first sign of movement. All three were thick-set, with flat Slav features, dressed in shabby, nondescript suits.

As his senses returned, Otto realized that he was in the hands of the Russians; the grim quartet next door he recognized as a "syringe commando" team—strong-arm thugs whose job was to intimidate victims into submission, and inject them with drugs to make them co-operative.

## Thought of suicide

When the full shock of his circumstances sank in, Otto's first thought was of suicide. Then he remembered the instructions given to members of his intelligence staff in the event of capture by the Communists. These were—to pretend to co-operate; to hand out useless and insignificant information in the hope that they would not be subjected to methods of "persuasion," such as drugging and brainwashing, against which there was no defence. Then, having won the confidence of their captors, to escape: "It was this course," Otto told me afterwards, "which I decided to adopt."

While he feigned unconsciousness a tall, well-dressed Russian came into the room and began pacing up and down. Otto studied him; he looked far more intelligent than the thugs—evidently a security chief. Otto decided to put on a bold front. Leaping from the couch, he angrily accused the tall Russian of kidnapping him, and demanded to be sent back to West Germany.

The Russian—he later introduced himself as "Michew"—said nothing for a while, merely offering Otto a cigarette. Finally he said: "Look, Doctor, all that matters is that you are with friends, and that you feel well and happy."

Michew was joined by a huge, bull-like man who called himself Scholz. A table was set in the next room, and Otto was asked to join his hosts for supper. Overcome with hunger, he ate ravenously. During the meal, Michew produced a bottle of brandy and proposed the toast: "Good friendship!" After supper Otto became aware that the team of thugs had packed up and gone.

Scholz began talking of the possibility of Otto working for the Russians, and Otto pretended to acquiesce. He told Scholz: "I could work for you much better in Cologne. If you let me return to my office I'll give you a written undertaking that I will work for the Russian Secret Service."

Later, Otto described to me Scholz's amusement at this transparent proposal. "My dear Herr Doktor," he replied, "you can't possibly return to your office, they'd never let you in. You'd be arrested."

Otto's macabre meal with his captors was to be the beginning of a tense cat-and-mouse game which lasted for the seventeen months of his captivity. He learned that he was held at a house owned by the Russian Secret Service at Karlshorst, a suburb of East Berlin. As his interrogation proceeded, he became aware that the Russians seemed just as interested in his propaganda value as they were in trying to probe his knowledge of German intelligence.

As Otto told me afterwards: "I realized that while I pretended to go along with their plans they probably wouldn't risk interrogating me too closely. That was the only way I would have a chance of escaping with my secret information intact."

Thus Otto agreed to make a recording for a propaganda broadcast, and to hold a press conference designed to prove he was a free agent.

In the West, his broadcast provoked a flood of abuse. Accusations against him poured from the West German press and were repeated all over the world. He was a traitor—a professional spy who was ready to sell himself to the highest bidder; he was an incompetent fool who had been on the point of being sacked from his job.

## Personal attacks

His character was fiercely attacked—he was mentally unbalanced; he was a homosexual; a drug addict; he was a rake and a drunkard who spent most of his spare time in night clubs and bars; he had been a personal friend of Burgess and Maclean. . . . Most of the allegations were so wild that nobody could take them seriously. "They have left out murder and robbery," said Otto's secretary, Frau Schwarte, "otherwise the catalogue of crime against your husband's name seems to be complete."

"Let them say what they like," I said. "The more the better. These humiliations could pave the way for Otto's escape. If the Communists think he wouldn't dare come back and face public opinion, they might relax their guard on him."

Our house in Cologne became a sensational tourist attraction. Each day I would see large groups of people gaping up at the windows. To avoid them I could only leave the house very early in the mornings, escorted by my bodyguard, who were concerned equally with protecting me and seeing that I didn't try to join Otto.

Every day for a week I was taken to a law court and questioned about Otto by security officials. It was very humiliating to talk about him to strangers, who probed every aspect of our life together. But I took the opportunity of countering the distortion of his character in the newspapers by giving my questioners a true picture of Otto. I tried to convince them of what I instinctively knew was the truth—that nothing could have persuaded Otto to join the Communists voluntarily.

"Before Otto disappeared," I told them, "he had just briefed an architect on the building of a Tudor-style cottage at Hohlkeppel, where we had bought a plot of land. He was also negotiating for a post in the legal profession. A few days before his disappearance he had ordered a new dinner jacket and five hundred visiting cards. The day after it, he had arranged to meet some old friends for dinner in West Berlin. Do you think these are the actions of a man who is about to make a complete break with his past?"

When my interrogation was over, the

*continued on page 34*

**Swedish criminologist Harry Soedermann (right), with his friend, Otto John. Soedermann told John's wife: "I'll get your husband out of East Berlin." But his daring plan—to exploit the gratitude of a Communist—failed**

# CALL IN THE NIGHT

by JOHN HARRIS

WILLIE awoke to the sound of stones rattling against the window of his bedroom. For a long time, in the haze between waking and sleeping, he had thought it was the rain that had been hammering against the glass on and off ever since the wind came up with the tide, bending the trees like bows along the edges of the fields.

"Willie! Willie! You awake?"

Fully roused at last, Willie scrambled out of bed, a big man, bulky without being fat, his dark hair just beginning to turn grey. He moved swiftly across the room to press his face against the glass.

"What the hell's going on?" He thrust open the casement and stared out.

Acheson, the coastguard, looked up at him, stumpy in his oilskins, his blunt red features pale in the light from Willie's window.

"Willie," he shouted above the rumble of the wind. "We've got to get a boat across to Doe Island. How about it? Will you do it?"

Willie glanced briefly over the trees towards the water of the inlet. "A boat?" he said. "Across to? . . . Don't talk barmy." Willie's long-standing dislike for the officious little coastguard grew in its intensity.

"Honest, Willie. No kidding." Acheson's words were hoarse with the urgency in them.

"Dammit, this time o' night? You're cracked!"

"Listen, Willie," Acheson's voice, coming up from under the peak of his cap, seemed faint and disembodied in the wind. "Come on downstairs and let me in. I can't shout all night like this."

Grumbling, Willie flung on his dressing-gown and stumbled down the stairs to the front door of his cottage. Acheson was almost blown into the little hall with a flurry of rain, and Willie slammed the door after him.

"It's Charlie Platt—the farmer on this side of

**It was just an ordinary scare—until it became a bridge two lonely people might cross**

**Impulsively Willie thrust out his old scarf and said: "Here, tie this thing on. You're not dressed for this lark"**

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

*continued from previous page*

Doe Island," Acheson said. "His wife's baby's on its way. We've got to get a midwife across."

"He's panicking," Willie said irritably. "I thought it wasn't due yet. He said he'd give us plenty of warning."

"It wasn't due, but it's on its way all the same." Acheson was shaking the rain off his cap on to Willie's floor and Willie's eyes followed the line of the drops with distaste. "In a hurry, it is," Acheson went on. "Like Charlie. Fast off the mark. It only took him a fortnight's holiday on the mainland to find and marry the girl. . . . He's been signalling with a flashlamp to us for half an hour. His telephone's gone and, what with his rotten morse and the weather, we've only just been able to make head or tail of the message."

"Why can't he bring his own boat across?" Willie demanded.

"He says he can't leave his wife."

WILLIE'S eyes went to the window as the rain rattled on the glass again. "Hell, though," he grumbled. "Why me? Babies are none of my business. I've got no wife."

"More's the pity," Acheson said unctuously, taking the opportunity, as he always did, to remind Willie that he had an unmarried sister who lived with him and who, if Willie had only had some sense, would have made a good wife for him.

"Look," the coastguard went on, while Willie watched him, faintly disapproving, as he stood there on the hearth, the rain dripping off his oilskins, "this is urgent. We've got to get a move on. The midwife's on her way here by car already."

"Took things for granted a bit, didn't you?"

Acheson shrugged and gestured with his hand as though it were normal enough to take someone like Willie for granted. "We always feel we can rely on you, Willie," he said smoothly.

The big man opposite him lit a cigarette and ran his fingers through his hair so that it stood up straight on his head. "Why didn't you ask the navy for one of their helicopters?" he grumbled. "They're not far away."

"We've tried that, Willie." Acheson reached out for the cigarette Willie was offering him. "We've been on the blower. They're both grounded."

"They would be. What about the R.A.F?"

"It so happens they haven't a helicopter nearer than fifty miles away. The police have been on the telephone already to them, but by the time they get it all settled and wheel the damn thing out and rout out a pilot for it, the baby'll have arrived."

"Aw, hell!" Willie's face had a driven look on it, the look of a man mixed up with feminine things he didn't understand. "Isn't there anyone else at all?"

THE coastguard took a quick drag at his cigarette and held it, cupped in his hand, as he spoke. "There are plenty of people," he said. "But no one with a boat big enough to make the crossing in this weather. It's no good the midwife arriving at the other side wet through. She's got a job to do. Come on, Willie. You know what Charlie Platt must be going through."

"I didn't ask Charlie Platt to go and live away from civilization on Doe Island," Willie pointed out obstinately. "I didn't ask him to go and get married. I didn't ask his baby to come before anyone expected it." But even as he spoke he was already making his way to the stairs. "Okay," he said finally, giving in as he always did when someone was in trouble. "I'll be down at the jetty in five minutes. Have a dinghy ready to row me out." He paused on the turn of the white staircase he always kept so spotless. "Who's the midwife?"

"Hell, I don't know," Acheson grinned. "Some stringy old dear with a face like a horse, I expect. All the same"—he opened the door and the blast of the wind stirred Willie's dressing-gown—"she's got guts, I must say, taking on a trip to Doe Island on a night like this."

Willie stared at the closed door for a moment, then hurried upstairs and dressed quickly. When he came down again, he glanced round his little living-room, bare in its masculine and utilitarian furnishings, and he was suddenly aware of loneliness as his mind dwelt on the emptiness of his return. Even that pompous fool, Acheson, had somebody to welcome him home.

He slammed the door unnecessarily hard as he set off for the water's edge.

As he trudged down to the jetty, he could see Acheson waiting for him in the lee of a small black car which shone with the rain that was blown in trickles across its polished surface.

"Here's Willie now," the coastguard said to someone inside the car and the door opened. "We've got your dinghy ready, Willie," he added importantly —almost as though he were doing all the work. "This here's the lady who's going across. This is Willie Clark." He effected the introductions awkwardly. "Thought you might as well know each other," he said with a nervous laugh.

"Anybody else coming?" Willie asked, bearlike in his oilskins.

"Old Fred." Acheson looked apologetic. Old Fred was a bachelor, like Willie, and was noted as much for his unspeaking surliness as for his skill with a paintbrush, marline spike or rope. Every time Willie looked at him, he felt a nudge of dread at the thought that in a few years' time he might look a bit like Old Fred himself.

"Couldn't you find anybody more cheerful?" Willie asked plaintively. "After working with him all day, it's nice to be shot of him at night."

"He's the only one I could get. He's on board already."

"It don't matter," Willie said shortly, his mind still recoiling from the thought of spending the night in the company of the sullen, lonely old man who worked in his boatyard with him. With Old Fred he would be as good as without anyone to talk to, and company had become increasingly important to him in the last few years.

He turned to the vague shape of the midwife alongside him.

"You get seasick?" he asked.

"I've never been seasick yet," she said calmly. "But there's always a first time."

"You won't be scared?" Willie asked gently—for he always treated women with an old-world gallantry.

The pale blurr of the midwife's face turned towards him. "I won't be scared," she said quietly.

"Okay." Willie nodded at Acheson. "Come on. Row us out."

AS the tide reached its full the wind seemed to rise. They dropped the mooring and began to chug out of the little harbour. Doe Island showed as nothing more than a strip of darkness and a cluster of lights in the distance.

Old Fred crouched just inside the cabin out of the wind, silent, his face, lit by the glow of his fag-end, contemptuous, as though he harboured some secret resentment. Willie stared at him and shrank from trying to make conversation. The midwife was in the well with him, huddled in the lee of the cabin, staring over the bow.

"It's not far," Willie said encouragingly to her. "Not too rough, either. We'll be all right."

"I'm sure we shall," she said. She paused a moment, and then said: "I'll bet you're cursing me and Charlie Platt's wife for dragging you out."

"It's nothing," Willie said gruffly. "They always pick on me. I'm too easy-going."

"Doesn't your wife mind?"

"Haven't got a wife," Willie said. "Bachelor."

There was an awkward pause and, to save her embarrassment, Willie took up the conversation. "How about you?" he asked. "I bet you cursed Charlie Platt's baby a bit yourself?"

"Not really. It's my job. Like you, I'm always the one who gets dragged out on this kind of affair."

"You easy-going, too?" Willie looked at her mildly, his glance full of sympathy and understanding.

"I suppose so," she said quietly.

Willie sniffed at the wind as they left the shelter of the land, and fixed his eyes on the broken sea ahead of them, where it glinted in the fitful moonlight. He noticed that the midwife had taken off her hat and was struggling with a stray wisp of hair.

"We'll start to feel the blow a bit now," he said, unwinding his old scarf from round his neck. "Here, tie this thing on. You're not dressed for this lark. There's a spare oilskin there under the seat. Shove it on, or you'll get drenched."

HE was aware of her looking at him, holding the scarf in her hands. Then she did as she was told and tied it over her head. "Thanks," she said.

Her voice was low and friendly and Willie responded by turning and smiling at her. "That's all right," he said. "You get used to knowing what's coming and where the wind is. It gets as familiar as the flues in the kitchen stove."

Feeling strangely at ease, he was about to warm to his theme when a match flared in the cabin and he saw Old Fred's unfriendly, remote face listening and, faintly self-conscious all of a sudden, he stopped talking abruptly.

It was only a short trip across to Doe Island, but the choppy seas made it hard work for them, tiring their muscles with the restless movement of the boat. None of them spoke as they concentrated on keeping dry.

Charlie Platt was waiting on the stone jetty on the island, holding a hurricane lamp to show them the steps. He grabbed the bow rope thankfully as Old Fred threw it.

"Thank God you've come," he

## They hit the moon, but . . .

# IS RUSSIA'S ROCKET PLAN OFF-TARGET?

*by Dr. P. E. HODGSON*

**Kruschev's massive sputniks give the game away. He talks from strength—but in war his missiles may be too big**

EVER since the launching of the first sputnik, the Russians have had a series of remarkable successes in their rocket programme, which they have not been slow in publicising. Occasionally, however, a note of doubt has crept into Western comments on these successes, and even after the recent Soviet triumph in shooting a rocket to the moon, some Western scientists are questioning whether Russia really leads in the rocket race.

Certainly when the Russians put up their first "lunik," last January, circumstantial evidence supported these doubts. The radio telescope at Jodrell Bank was used for four hours in an attempt to track it, starting at the time the rocket should have risen above the horizon. But it had no success.

Professor Lovell remarked at the time that he had not found anyone outside Russia who had succeeded in detecting lunik and he found the whole thing something of an enigma. So did American scientists with whom he was in touch by telephone.

There were no such doubts about the rocket which the Russians sent to the moon last month, and it is clear that rocket technology in the Soviet Union is very well advanced. But apart from these controversial matters, it does look as though the Russians have made mistakes which are of a rather more subtle nature.

We have recently learned a good deal about the Russian rocket programme, partly from a book by Ari Shternfeld, one of the Soviet's leading experts. Shternfeld confirms, as had already been guessed, that "the Soviet artificial satellite was launched on the base of an inter-continental ballistic missile." This means that we can get a good idea of the capabilities of Russian missiles from what we know about the rockets which launched the sputniks.

The first satellite sent up by the Russians on October 4, 1957, weighed 184 pounds. This made the American twenty-pound satellite, then not even launched, look rather silly. The real surprise, however, came a month later when the Russians put up another satellite weighing more than half a ton. It had in it a considerable amount of scientific equipment and also Laika, the dog, with devices to record the state of its health and transmit this information back to earth.

Later satellites were heavier still. Sputnik III weighed 2,695 pounds and lunik 4,030 pounds.

Such heavy satellites were very impressive and they caused quite a stir. But they were not really necessary. Smaller ones would have done just as

American Professor Fred Singer talks with Russian space expert Leonid Sedov. Singer claims that the Russians have blundered in the missile race by concentrating on giant-size rockets and liquid, not solid, fuels

well. When, soon after Sputnik II, the Americans put up their much lighter satellites, they were filled with delicate and ingenious devices which are believed to have given more scientific information than those launched by the Russians.

Nor was there any real point in using so heavy an animal as a dog for the passenger. A lighter animal, such as a monkey, which the Americans have used, would have served the same purpose, and provided just as much information.

It seems clear that the Russians used such heavy satellites because enormously powerful war rockets were available to launch them. These had been developed in the Soviet Union with the aid of German scientists who had worked under Hitler on the V2.

At the end of the second World War, the Russians and the Americans both laid hands on as many German rocket specialists as they could. Although the Americans got Dr. Wernher von Braun, who headed the V2 project, the Russians probably got a larger number of scientists and more equipment.

In so doing, they took over the German ideas on rocket warfare. The German plan had been to build a big rocket, the bigger the better, so that it could carry a warhead as large as possible, preferably ten thousand pounds or more. By the end of the war, the range of the V2 was about two hundred miles, and the warhead weighed a ton. More and more powerful rockets were developed in the Soviet Union during the following decade, leading up to the launching of the sputniks.

## Out-of-date plan

From what is now known of the Soviet programme, Professor Fred Singer, an American rocket expert, has been putting two and two together. He has come to the conclusion that "the Russians have made two very serious mistakes in planning their missile programme."

Singer points out that the concept of bigger and bigger rockets was justified when the warheads were filled with high explosive. The bigger the quantity of high explosive which could be delivered on to a target the more effective the rockets would be. But, with the advent of relatively light H-bombs, there was no need for war rockets to carry such a big load. One smaller rocket with an H-bomb will do the same damage as many hundreds of bigger rockets carrying high explosive.

Of course, an H-bomb can be carried just as well by an over-powerful rocket as by an adequate one. But if a rocket attack is to be successful, it has to be aimed primarily at the enemy's rocket sites, so as to prevent retaliation. So large numbers of rockets may have to be launched at the same time.

Obviously, the more powerful the rocket, the more fuel it needs. The big Russian rockets each require about 500,000 pounds of propellant, mostly liquid oxygen. So a fantastic amount of liquid oxygen would be needed to launch even a hundred such rockets. To provide it, as Professor Singer remarks, is "a staggering job, and is likely to use up a good part of any country's industrial complex."

Paradoxically, the Americans, by starting their rocket programme later, have been able to avoid this mistake. In the years immediately following the war, they slackened their defence research and used the captured rockets mainly for studies of cosmic radiation and the upper atmosphere. When they began their war-rocket programme in earnest, they were able to plan for the use of H-bombs and thus have been able to develop rockets which are less powerful, but more precisely suited to modern warfare.

Because they are less powerful, they can be launched more easily and with much less consumption of expensive materials. This is not their only advantage. They can also be launched from smaller sites, which are cheaper to build, so that there can be more of them, making it probably impossible to destroy them all in one blow.

The second blunder which the Russians appear to have made is in the method of propelling their rockets. They are still using liquid fuel, which, until quite recently, was regarded as the most advanced form of rocket propellant. The Americans, on the other hand, having changed over from solid to liquid fuels a few years ago, have now changed back again.

Their newest solid fuel rockets work on much the same principle as the toy rockets fired on Guy Fawkes night. When the propellants are ignited, they burn fiercely and shoot out hot gases, thus thrusting the rocket upwards. As Shternfeld says in his book, early rockets of this type had serious disadvantages, the most important being that the power could not be regulated. They just burned through to the end.

## Last-minute snag

Shternfeld also tells us that "the results attained in this field are still unsatisfactory," and he points out that "as long ago as thirty years, most experimenters in jet motion had finally changed over to liquid fuel rockets."

In this latter type of rocket, two liquids are burned together in a combustion chamber, producing the hot gases which drive the rocket forward. The liquids frequently used are alcohol and oxygen. Such rockets work well, but they have their disadvantages, the chief of which is that the liquids have to be pumped in just before firing—a long and dangerous process.

Solid fuel rockets, on the other hand, can be loaded when they are made, and will remain ready for firing at a moment's notice for long periods of time. They can be easily stored and fired from a ship or a submarine, or even from a railway truck or a lorry. So they are much more flexible and useful weapons than the cumbrous liquid fuel rockets, which require complex launching installations.

The Americans were the first to take the solid fuel rocket seriously again, and they seem to have overcome the difficulties which Shternfeld describes. Already they have three types operational: the navy's Polaris, the army's Pershing and the air force's Minuteman. Although at present their rockets of the longest range are propelled by liquid fuel, they are gradually being replaced.

The conclusion to be drawn is that the Americans may not be so far behind the Russians in their rocket programme as the satellite launchings seemed to indicate. In fact the Russians may be at a disadvantage, through having concentrated on rockets which are too big, and propelled by the wrong fuel. They have shown by their achievements, however, that they have immense technical resources and a well-developed rocket technology. If they have made mistakes, they will be quick to learn from them. THE END

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shouted above the wind. "Ethel's having it damned hard."

Willie held out his hand and the midwife took it and stepped ashore. She turned briefly to thank him; then she was gone towards the ancient jeep that stood at the end of the jetty, still wearing Willie's oilskin and scarf.

Willie stared after them as the jeep vanished into the darkness. Then he climbed back aboard and turned to help the old man make the boat secure.

Silently, as they straightened up, Willie passed Fred a cigarette, thinking heavily of the next few hours he would have to spend in his company. For a moment he stared at the bent, strong frame of the old man in front of him, then he led the way into the little cabin and began to make a pot of tea.

It was some time later and they were dozing unspeaking over their third brew of tea when they heard the jeep stop at the end of the jetty. The old man pinched out his black, nicotine-stained fag-end and stuck it behind his ear without saying a word. Willie swung his legs to the deck, slipped outside, and was waiting, his hands in his pockets, his hair whipped by the wind, as the midwife stepped on board.

CHARLIE PLATT was almost blubbering his gratitude as he said goodbye. The midwife climbed down into the well with Willie's help and this time, with the wind dying away on the falling tide, she had the scarf loosely round her neck so that her hair was as blown as Willie's in the wind.

"Okay?" Willie asked.

"Yes, fine." He saw her teeth flash in a smile. "A girl. Eight pounds. His mother was coping well enough. He lost his head a bit, that's all."

"Charlie Platt always *did* panic," Willie grunted. He was about to start the engine when he paused and looked up at her. "We've got a potful of tea going to waste," he said. "Fancy a cup? I expect you're tired."

"I am a bit," she admitted.

"Sit down in the cabin," Willie suggested. "Put your legs up, if you fancy it. Won't hurt the cushions." He turned to see Old Fred staring sardonically from the well. "Start her up," he said abruptly. "Take her out."

The old man turned his sharp, bitter gaze away and Willie swung round to the stove.

The tea turned out to be cold, however, and he had to make some fresh. Back in the cabin, he was startled to find the midwife fast asleep, still huddled in his oilskin. He stood with the mug in his hand, staring down at her, surprised to find she was younger than he had thought, with a tired, strong face and tumbled fair hair.

As he looked down at her, she opened her eyes and smiled, a quick, warm smile that did Willie's heart good. "You're very thoughtful," she said, as she took the tea in her capable fingers. She looked up at Willie and accepted one of his cigarettes. "Nice cabin," she said, nodding round the boat. "Who does the housework for you?"

Willie looked at her in surprise. "Me, of course," he said.

"But it's so spotless."

Willie warmed under the compliment. "I spent most of my life at sea," he said, "and you learn to do things like that."

She laughed. "If you could only cook. . ."

"I can." He grinned happily at her again. "I don't live on bacon and tinned beans. Just because a man's got no wife's no reason why he should live as if he was in barracks."

She said nothing and he suddenly

*continued on page 39*

# CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS—brilliant new mystery thriller b

THE summer term at Meadowbank, England's most exclusive school for girls, started normally. But then there was a dramatic departure from Miss Bulstrode's curriculum. Murder. . . .

For some time British Intelligence had been very interested in Meadowbank—so much so that Colonel Pikeaway had planted his assistant, Adam Goodman, there as undergardener. His job was to watch that exotic schoolgirl, Princess Shaista. Certain persons might try to get in touch with Shaista because she was a cousin of the late Sheikh Ali Yusuf of Rafat.

Ali was killed when revolution swept his kingdom. Colonel Pikeaway believed that his private fortune in precious stones had been smuggled to England in luggage belonging to a Mrs. Sutcliffe and her daughter, Jennifer—without their knowledge.

The colonel had the luggage searched—but found nothing. Later the Sutcliffes' house was burgled. The thief was caught. He, too, had found nothing. . . .

Jennifer Sutcliffe, starting her first term at Meadowbank, was not interested in bloody uprisings or missing fortunes. Her sole passion was tennis. She was annoyed to find her racket had deteriorated alarmingly during the voyage home. The balance, she explained to her new friend, Julia Upjohn, was all wrong. She was delighted when Julia offered to swap. . . .

In the early hours of the following morning, a phone message from Meadowbank reached Police Inspector Kelsey. Someone had been found dead in the school's new sports pavilion. Murdered. . . .

## Death had come . . .

## a killer was loose, and the only clue was a warning from a kidnapped girl

# NIGHT OF FEAR AT MEADOWBANK

## PART THREE

"SEEMS to be Miss Springer, the games mistress," Sergeant Green said.

"Death of a games mistress," said Kelsey thoughtfully. "Sounds like the title of a thriller on a railway bookstall. Where did they say the body was found?"

"In the sports pavilion."

"Did they find the pistol?"

"No."

"Interesting," said Detective Inspector Kelsey and, having assembled Sergeant Bond and the rest of his retinue, departed to carry out his duties.

The front door at Meadowbank was open, with light streaming from it, and here Inspector Kelsey was received by Miss Bulstrode herself.

"What would you like to do first, Inspector Kelsey? Do you wish to go out to the sports pavilion or do you want to hear full details?"

"The doctor is with me," said Kelsey. "If you will have him and two of my men shown where the body is, I should like a few words with you."

"CERTAINLY. Come into my sitting-room. One of my staff will show the doctor and the others the way. I have posted someone at the pavilion to see that nothing is disturbed."

"Thank you, madam." Kelsey followed Miss Bulstrode into her sitting-room. "Who found the body?"

"The matron, Miss Johnson. One of the girls had ear-ache and Miss Johnson was up attending to her. She noticed that there was a light on in the sports pavilion which there should not have been at one a.m. She woke up another member of my staff, Miss Chadwick. They decided to go out and investigate. As they were leaving by the side door, they heard the sound of a shot, whereupon they ran as quickly as they could towards the sports pavilion. On arrival there——"

The inspector broke in. "Thank you, Miss Bulstrode. If Miss Johnson is available, I will hear the next part from her. But first, perhaps, you will tell me about the murdered woman."

"Her name is Grace Springer."

"She has been with you long?"

"No. She came to me this term. Her testimonials were excellent."

"Have you any idea at all, even the vaguest, of what might have precipitated this tragedy? Was she unhappy? Any unfortunate entanglements?"

Miss Bulstrode shook her head. "Nothing that I know of."

"Was there any reason why Miss Springer should be in the sports pavilion at night?"

"None whatever," said Miss Bulstrode unequivocally.

"Very well, Miss Bulstrode. I'll talk to Miss Johnson now."

Miss Bulstrode left the room and returned bringing the matron with her.

"I couldn't have believed it," said Miss Johnson, "I really couldn't. Miss Springer, too! She was so—well, so tough, you know. So hearty. The sort of woman one could imagine taking on burglars single-handed."

"Burglars? H'm," said Inspector Kelsey. "Was there anything to steal in the sports pavilion?"

"Well, no, really I can't see what there can have been. Swim suits of course, sports paraphernalia."

"Was the pavilion broken into, by the way? No? I see. A key was used. Now, will you describe what happened from the moment you saw the light in the pavilion."

"Well, it seemed to be moving about."

"You mean it was not the electric light turned on but the light of a torch or flashlight?"

"Yes, yes, that's what it must have been. I thought at once: *Dear me, what's anyone doing out there at this time of night?* So I roused Miss Chadwick. When we got there, the door was open. The place was in darkness. We switched on the light and there she was. She——"

"That's all right," said Inspector Kelsey kindly. "You didn't meet anyone on your way there? Or hear anybody running away?"

"No."

"Did anybody hear the shot in the school building?" asked Kelsey, looking at Miss Bulstrode.

She shook her head. "No. Not that I know of. Nobody has said that they heard it. The sports pavilion is some distance away and I rather doubt if the shot would be noticeable."

"Well, thank you," said Inspector Kelsey. I'll go out to the sports pavilion now."

"I will come with you," said Miss Bulstrode.

She followed Kelsey into the hall, and led the way to the side door.

"Is this the way Miss Johnson and Miss Chadwick went out?"

"Yes. You see it leads straight on to the path through the rhododendrons which comes out at the sports pavilion."

The inspector had a powerful torch and he and Miss Bulstrode soon reached the building, where the lights were now glaring.

The open door led into a fair-sized room. There were lockers with girls' names on them. At the end of the room there was a stand for tennis rackets and another for lacrosse sticks.

KELSEY walked forward to where the police surgeon was kneeling by the body. The latter looked up as the inspector approached.

"She was shot from about four feet away," he said. "Bullet penetrated the heart. Death must have been instantaneous. Say an hour ago."

Kelsey nodded. He strolled over to a tall woman standing grimly, like a watchdog, against one wall.

"Miss Chadwick? You came out with Miss Johnson and discovered the body?"

"Yes."

Kelsey looked down thoughtfully at the dead woman. Her bright red hair was cut short. She had a freckled face, with a chin which jutted strongly, and a spare, athletic figure. She was wearing a tweed skirt and a heavy, dark pullover.

"Any sign of the weapon?" asked Kelsey.

One of his men shook his head.

"What about the torch?"

"There's a torch in the corner."

"Any prints on it?"

"Yes. The dead woman's."

"So she's the one who had the torch," said Kelsey thoughtfully. "She came out here with a torch—why?" He asked it partly of himself, partly of his men, partly of Miss Bulstrode and Miss Chadwick. Finally he seemed to concentrate on the latter. "Any ideas?"

Miss Chadwick shook her head. "No

# AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

"She came out here with a torch—why?" Kelsey asked. Miss Chadwick shook her head. "I have no idea," she told him

"Your good health!"

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. . . The long drink with ginger ale or soda

COGNAC BRANDY

AT ITS BEST

THREE STAR CORDON BLEU

# Cat among the pigeons

*continued from page 24*

idea at all. I suppose she might have left something here and come out to fetch it."

"It must have been important." Kelsey looked round him. Nothing seemed disturbed except the stand of tennis rackets at the end. Several were lying on the floor.

Next day Inspector Kelsey started his interviewing of the rest of the staff with Miss Vansittart. She could supply nothing of interest.

The next mistress to appear was Eileen Rich.

He started his routine questions, but the answers were not quite so routine as he had expected. After saying that no, she had noticed nothing special about Miss Springer, Eileen Rich's next answer was not what he anticipated.

KELSEY had asked: "There was no one, as far as you know, who had a personal grudge against her?"

"Oh no," said Eileen Rich. "In fact, I'm sure she wasn't killed for *herself*."

"How do you mean, Miss Rich?"

"I mean that nobody would love her or hate her enough to want to do away with her. I think that was her tragedy. That's what made her so officious—about finding fault, you know, and enforcing rules, and finding out when people were doing what they shouldn't."

"Snooping?" asked Kelsey. "You didn't like her yourself much, did you."

"I don't think I ever thought about her. She was just the games mistress. Oh, what a horrible thing that is to say. But that's how she struck me."

Kelsey looked at Miss Rich curiously. An odd young woman, this.

"You seem to have clear ideas on most things, Miss Rich," he said. "How long have you been here?"

"Just over a year and a half."

"There's been no trouble before?"

"Oh, no. Everything's been quite all right until this term."

"What's been wrong this term? You don't mean the murder, do you? You mean something else. . . ."

"I don't——" Eileen Rich stopped. "Yes, perhaps I do—it's nebulous."

"Go on."

"Miss Bulstrode's not been happy lately," said Eileen slowly. "I don't think anybody else has even noticed it. But I have. And she's not the only one who's unhappy. I think there *is* something wrong here. It's as though there were someone among us who didn't belong." She looked at him. "Cat among the pigeons, that's the sort of feeling. We're the pigeons, all of us, and the cat's amongst us. But we can't *see* the cat."

After she had gone, Sergeant Bond said: "Crackers."

"No," said Kelsey, "I don't think she's crackers."

The French mistress, Mademoiselle Angele Blanche, was next. She was thirty-five, at a guess. No make-up dark brown hair arranged neatly but unbecomingly. A severe coat and skirt.

SHE explained that it was her first term at Meadowbank. She did not wish to remain for a further term. She did not like schools where people were murdered. And the children were disrespectful. No, she had no idea who could have murdered Miss Springer.

"Did you know Miss Springer well?"

"I knew her practically not at all. She had bad manners and was rude to me often and I did not like it."

"What was she rude to you about?"

"She did not like me coming to her sports pavilion. I go there one day because I am interested. I have not been in it before and it is a new building. I am looking round. Then Miss Springer, she comes and says: 'What are you doing here? This is no business of yours to be in here.' She says that to *me*—*me*, a mistress in the school!"

"Yes, yes, very irritating I'm sure," said Kelsey, soothingly.

"The manners of a pig, that is what she had. And then she calls out: 'Do not go away with the key in your hand.' She upset me. When I pull the door open the key fell out and I pick it up. I forgot to put it back, because she has offended me. And then she shouts after me as though she thinks I was meaning to steal it. *Her* key, I suppose, as well as *her* sports pavilion."

Angele Blanche was dismissed after a few more unimportant questions.

"Touchy," said Bond. "All the French are touchy."

"All the same, it's interesting," said Kelsey. "Miss Springer didn't like people prowling about. Now *why*? Who have we got left?"

"Miss Ann Shapland, Miss Bulstrode's secretary. . . ."

"Well, Miss Shapland," said Inspector Kelsey a few moments later, eyeing her neat and business-like appearance with favour, "what light can you throw upon this matter?"

"Absolutely none, I'm afraid," Ann Shapland said. "I've got my own room, and I don't see much of the staff. The whole thing's unbelievable."

"In what way unbelievable?"

"Well, first that Miss Springer should get shot at all. Say somebody broke into the gymnasium and she went out to see who it was. That's all right, I suppose, but who'd want to break into the gymnasium?"

"That we have to find out," Kelsey said. "Did it ever seem to you that Miss Springer disliked other members of the staff going there?"

"Not that I know of."

"You didn't know that Miss Springer had objected to Mademoiselle Blanche being out there?"

"Yes, I did hear something about that. But I think perhaps Mademoiselle Blanche is rather an inquisitive person. She only teaches one subject—French—and she has a lot of time on her hands."

"There's nothing else—nothing connected with the sports pavilion, for instance, that you haven't told me?"

ANN hesitated. "Well . . . one of the gardeners—not Briggs, but the young one—I saw him come out of the sports pavilion one day, and he had no business to be in there at all. Of course it was probably just curiosity on his part—or perhaps an excuse to slack—he was supposed to be nailing down the wire on the tennis court. I don't suppose really there's anything in it."

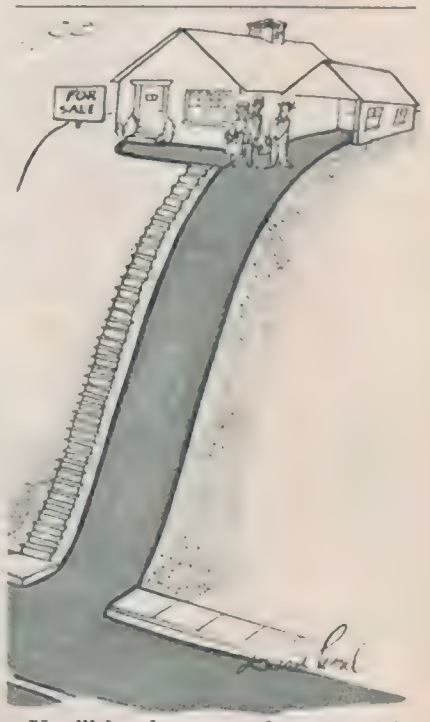
"Still, you remembered it," Kelsey pointed out. "Now why?"

"I think——" she frowned. "Yes, because his manner was a little odd."

"Interesting. I'll make a note of that."

"Round and round the mulberry

*continued on page 41*




**"You'll be the envy of every neighbour who can't start his car on cold winter mornings"**

Central heating no longer means ugly radiators. In this sitting-room a window-length Ripple-Rad panel radiator becomes a decorative feature. A hinged sill gives access to concealed valves and pipes. Cold down draughts are reduced by warm air flowing through slots in the sill. Another comfort note in this well-warmed room — the new Rock 'n' Rest armchairs. A side lever locks the chair at your chosen angle. Release the lever and it rocks

# Is central heating a luxury?

**Central heating adds value to your house and gives you more warmth for less money. Installation costs can be spread over several years**

**asks ROGER SMITHELLS**

The British climate is not bad enough to be taken seriously. Hence all our jolly jokes about the weather. Hence, too, the not-so-jolly fuel bills which represent the cost of keeping our homes partially warm through the British winter.

If our land were snowbound for months on end, as Canada is, we should long ago have adopted rational heating methods. But our cold spells, though deadly sharp, are generally short. In a mild winter we may have no bitter weather at all. Because of this, British builders have tended to treat the installation of efficient whole-house heating as a costly luxury. In the days of cheap coal and cheap service their view may have been right. Not so today.

The cost of installation of a central heating system is not the only cost to consider. There is also the cost of running it. Because central heating consists of one appliance, supplying heat for the whole house, or the major part of it, you will get more heat for less money than you do with separate fires.

Consider the advantages. A centrally heated house is generally cleaner, because there is less dust. There is more useful space because there is no need for the family to sit huddled in one room, to save fuel. All the rooms are warm and usable all the time. Condensation, about which I get hundreds of letters each winter, is reduced to the minimum. Damp is kept at bay. Central heating is labour-saving. Whichever system you choose, it will not need more than a few minutes' attention a day.

What are the drawbacks? First, there are the installation costs. Many people are prejudiced against central heating because they think it dries the air, or creates a fug, which it does if you let it. But radiators can be turned off, temperatures thermostatically controlled, and windows flung open when you feel like a nice draught of howling fresh air. Central heating can cause furniture to warp or crack but only if the furniture is placed immediately against hot pipes or radiators or if rooms are permanently overheated. Finally there is a lingering suspicion that central heating is faintly decadent and un-British. I would hate to be labelled unpatriotic, but there are times when I would rather be warm than British.

Central heating is something which falls into the same category as a car or a television set. Whether or not you can afford it depends on how much you want it. You probably don't need to pay the installation costs all in a lump sum. Because central heating adds to the market value of a house, you can sometimes add the installation costs to an existing mortgage loan. Otherwise, you can often arrange to hire-purchase the boiler or heating unit in the normal way. Once the system is installed, you may find fuel bills will drop slightly, which will help to offset increased mortgage or H.P. instalments.

## Which system?

If you are lucky enough to be building a new house, you can choose any central heating system you like. Heating which is worked out and included at the planning stage is the most economical to install. Apart from this, you can balance against the installation costs the money you save by not having to have chimneys and flues built—between £60-£80 a chimney. If, like most of us, you live in a house which has already been built without central heating, you must choose one of the systems which can be installed with a minimum of damage to the fabric and decorations of the house, to keep costs down.

How much heating do you want? An accepted table of required warmth is as follows:

Living rooms, 65-70°,
Halls, staircases and corridors, 55°,
Bedrooms, 55°,
Bathrooms and lavatories, 60°,
Kitchen, 60°.

If you do not want your house to be so warm you can choose a smaller system to give you background warmth and use odd stoves and fires to boost the temperature in some rooms.

Your choice lies between the traditional water-circulation system, which can give you hot water as well as warm rooms; a warmed-air system—some include hot water, some do not; and under-floor heating. There is no one system which is better than any of the others, but there is one which is best for you and your house. Before you decide, consult a reputable heating engineer, who will be able to judge which will be best for you.

## Water circulation systems

The traditional method of central heating is by water heated by a boiler and circulated to radiators throughout the house by gravity. This system is based on the fact that hot water rises and cold water falls. The water heated in the boiler rises through flow pipes to the top of the house and travels back through return pipes and radiators to the boiler again for re-heating. The boiler can be run on solid fuel, gas or oil. This system has disadvantages. To ensure free circulation the pipes through which the water travels must be large—about 1¼ in. in diameter, must either be in view and unsightly, or buried out of sight, which involves hacking holes in walls, taking up floorboards, and weakening joists by cutting grooves in them to take the pipes.

An improved version of this type of heating is the forced circulation system, also known as small-bore heating. This was specially designed for smaller houses of up to 1,500 sq. ft. The water is heated by a boiler and pumped round the house by a small electric circulating pump. The pipes which lead from the boiler to the radiators, and between the radiators are much more slender than in the older system—only about ½ in. diameter. This system is less troublesome and cheaper to put into an existing house, because the small pipes are unobtrusive, and their installation involves no major construction or redecoration work. The water in this type of system moves more quickly, and there is lower heat-loss through the pipes. This system is also much more suitable for use in a bungalow, as it does not depend upon having a good head of water. It can be run in connection with an existing hot water system if the boiler is large enough. As a rough guide to cost, a heating installation in a three-bedroomed house would cost about £200.

## Warm air systems

In the recently developed warm air systems, air which has been warmed in a central unit is circulated round the house in ducts, by a fan, and through grilles into rooms. The grilles are inconspicuous, being fitted flush with the wall. The circulation of the air improves the ventilation of the house. Warm-air systems are available with and without hot-water systems according to type. Thermostatic control makes the systems simple to regulate, and

# Cheaper heat with solid fuel

The Earleymil gravity-feed boiler needs filling only once or twice a day. No. 0 magazine boiler. Price £135

The Agamatic No. 30/80 boiler is hand-operated. A thermostat regulates the temperature. From £45

they can be run off gas, oil or solid fuel.

For a new house, a system which includes a water system, such as the Ductair, would be the most satisfactory. The cost of the whole unit for a small house would be something in the region of £170 to £250, including tanks, ducts, and auxiliary heater for summer water.

A cheaper method, which can be installed in an existing house, is a ducted system which circulates warm air only. Economic installation depends on the plan of your house, and these systems are particularly suitable for a house which is built on an open plan. An example of an effective and inexpensive installation is the Sugg Halcyon selective warmed air system, which has been put into two experimental council houses at Aylesbury, for only about £90. This is run on gas, is thermostatically controlled and provides three outlets for warm air, in the kitchen and living-room, and up the stairs. The unit will provide background warmth from all three outlets, or all the warmth can be directed through any one for full heating.

Another system which runs off an existing hot water system (provided your boiler is large enough) is the Potterton warm air unit. This is particularly suitable for a bungalow. It can be mounted in the attic, and flexible ducts take the warm air to grilles in the ceilings or walls of the rooms. The system can also be used to blow cool air in summer. The Minor unit, which will provide for four outlets, costs £60, fittings extra.

## Electrical underfloor heating

Another development which is just beginning to prove its worth is heating by electric cables embedded in the floor. Because installation involves extensive building work, this system is only practicable for new houses. The heat-storage capacity of the flooring materials is used so that electricity is only consumed at off-peak times when tariffs are low, while still giving day-round warmth controlled by a thermostat. As with the warm air systems, the warmth generated on the ground floor of a two-storey house will usually provide enough convected warmth upstairs to take the chill off the air.

Total installation costs are relatively low. In a four- or five-bedroomed house of about 1,300 sq. ft. they would be about £300, including booster heaters for colder days, and all building work.

## Electric radiators

Although they do not provide heating from a central source, electric oil-filled radiators give thermostatically controlled space heating of a similar or more flexible kind. If you want to vary the temperature between rooms, you have only to adjust the individual thermostats on the radiators. These are plugged in to your electricity supply, so have the advantage that they do not become landlord's fixtures if you live in a rented house.

# Oil is clean and trouble free

The Rayburn Major is designed for the smaller house. It will supply hot water and 140 sq. ft. of radiators. £80

The new Delmore de luxe heats up to seven radiators and provides hot water. Price, with towel rail, £125

## Fuel and running costs

Fuel is a vital factor in your choice of a central heating system. Your decision will depend on how automatic you want your system to be, and whereabouts in the country you live. Fuel prices vary greatly from one area to another. If you live on or near a coalfield, solid fuel is likely to be cheaper. If you live in a city, gas may be more reasonable. If you live near a sea-port, oil will probably cost less. Systems run by gas, oil or electricity are completely automatic. Solid fuel systems require attention—though not much—and are less expensive to run.

## Solid fuel

Modern solid fuel systems are a great improvement on the old-fashioned kind. Many of the new boilers do the work of stoking and regulating for themselves. You can get a boiler to supply a central heating system for as little as £26. A more automatic, thermostatically controlled boiler will cost you from £42, to supply central heating and hot water.

More expensive, but more labour saving, are the gravity-feed boilers, which only need to be filled once a day and de-clinkered about twice a week. These burn special anthracite grains which are put in a hopper at the top of the boiler, and fed gradually into the firebox, as required. Air is supplied, usually by a fan, to give a small but intense fire, which has a very high efficiency. Gravity fed boilers cost from £85. The fuel is slightly more expensive than the normal kind, but also more efficient. Before buying check with your local coal merchant on the supply of this fuel.

You can run either a radiator system or a warmed air system off solid fuel. A week's heating in a three- or four-bedroomed house for six or seven radiators and hot water could cost as little as 14s.

## Oil

Oil-fired boilers, like the solid-fuel types, can be used to heat water circulating or warm air systems. New boilers have been produced to make oil a good proposition in the average home. They need no attention—they are regulated by thermostats, which switch them on and off according to demand. Installation costs are certain to be higher than those for a solid fuel or gas system, as you have to buy and house the storage tank, which should be put outside the house.

If you live in a very remote area, oil would probably be the best choice. With a large storage tank, say 650 gallons, which is refilled twice or three times a year, your system is completely self-contained. You also get your oil at a cheaper bulk rate.

A fair average running cost for a three- or four-bedroomed house would be 20s. a week. A boiler to supply this amount of heat would cost upwards of £80.

## Gas

A gas heating system, like oil, is completely automatic, and needs no attention. It is regulated by a thermostat, and can also be operated by a time clock, so that if you are out all day, you can turn the heating on by remote control before you come home. As with oil and solid fuel, you have the choice of a water-circulation or warm-air system, and may get the advantage of a cheaper tariff if you use a lot of gas. A ducted selective heating system like the Sugg Halcyon could cost as little as £90 to install, and in cheap areas might cost only 12s. 6d. a week to run. This, however, does not supply hot water, which would probably account for another 5s. 6d. a week if you install a separate multi-point water heater.

## Electricity

An all-electric heating system has the great advantage of being speedy, adaptable and convenient. Floor heating alone, giving background warmth to a three-room flat of 792 sq. ft. has been calculated to cost about 12s. 10d. a week in the heating season, but you would need to boost this during cold days with other heating. Electricity will probably become cheaper as the years go by and may prove a good choice on the long-term basis.

# Absolute automation with gas

The Kayenco thermostatic boiler. A cut out switches off the gas supply if the pilot fails. £47

The Ductair 20 whole-house heating unit for warm air and water costs between £170-£250

**ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU**

**with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull: Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply. Send a rough drawing where this will make your problem clearer**

# *Everybody loves a* Kosset *carpet!*

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*If you would like to know more about Kosset Carpets, please write for colour booklets to Kosset Carpets at 6-10 Bruton Street London W1.*

# A seal flies by

*continued from page 10*

land-mammal, but became suspicious the moment I sank below the surface?

I was determined to persevere. That next afternoon, I put on my mask and fins again and carried Flipper to the block of concrete which my father had designed, on to which you could pull up a boat over a roller without damaging its keel. It lay some six to nine inches under water and was thus a sort of no-man's-land between our rival kingdoms of water and air.

On this neutral territory I hoped to establish preliminary diplomatic relations. When Flipper and I lay down upon it we were equally handicapped: she was partially out of water and could not quite float, while I was in a prone, seal-like position, in shallow water. Thus I could keep her from escaping, and show my mastery and goodwill at the same time.

All went as planned. The seal-pup felt my unrelaxing grip of her waist as I held her in front of me, and she could see that my face-mask and snorkel-tube remained equally innocuous when ripples started breaking round them. My stomach was not designed for muscular bouncing like my companion's but I did my best to squirm with Flipper inch by inch towards the edge of the shallow concrete slab. I was taking all this very seriously, and must have looked a grotesque sight as I grovelled in the shallow water. At last we reached the edge of the concrete and slid over and down towards the bottom of the lake. Flipper was still motionless in my arms.

For a full half-minute we cruised together a few inches from the muddy bed. Flipper behaved as obediently and confidently as any seal-pup held between its mother's flippers when battling against rough seas or powerful tides, and no doubt the experience seemed very similar to her. Then I had to surface for air.

"What—already?" her expression seemed to say, as she exhaled from her nostrils while I inhaled through my snorkel. She had expected to be down for at least five minutes, with enough oxygen in her venous system to last twice as long. But I had to surface for air. Later, when I got out my aqualung, I would be prepared to sit on the bottom for an hour at a stretch—far longer than she would ever be able to manage. Meanwhile, I hoped that she would bear with me while I porpoised up and down at frequent intervals.

## Grace and beauty

She did. She let me do all the aquabatics that I knew how to perform without an aqualung. I somersaulted, rolled and looped, stirring up clouds of mud from the bottom and kicking up fountains of water on the surface, but she never once struggled against my grip. Her little head remained below mine, keenly looking ahead and never twisting back to get free.

When my repertoire of aquabatics was exhausted, I lay quite still on the surface and, looking down at Flipper below me, quietly relaxed my grip. She swam slowly away, and then turned to look at me inquisitively. I remained still, only turning my head to look at her, while she circled round several times, just outside my reach. Then I rashly and impulsively dived and made towards her. She was off like a flash and refused to come back.

I did not mind. We had made a start. And the sight of her circling round me in her own element was one of pure grace and beauty, so lithe and rhythmical were her swift but unhurried movements.

All that was needed now was patience. Patience, an aqualung, and the enema-pump in my hand. Tomorrow I would see what these could do.

Diving with an aqualung is not only far safer but also much easier if you have a companion who knows just how to help you into your Heinke suit, weight belt and cylinder harness, turn your air on behind your neck, and when it is all over assist with the contortions of tugging and stretching necessary to get the suit off again.

I was very lucky in having Tony Soper as a diving companion. He is a massive and placid type, who seems to have the gifts of perpetual youth, energy and calm as well as being almost impervious to cold. Better natural qualifications for a diver would be hard to find. With less versatility he might have taken up channel swimming; but in fact he was then producing *Look* with Peter Scott, as well as other natural history programmes for B.B.C. Television.

He came to film Flipper and Diana for television.

"Magnificent!" he exclaimed after shooting the three of us in and around the lake. "I only wish I'd brought my new underwater camera-case. It hasn't had its baptism yet. The B.B.C.'s got only one other as far as I know and that's with David Attenborough in Borneo. It would be a good chance for me to try it out for the first time."

"By all means," I said. We made a date for the following Sunday afternoon.

Tony duly arrived, with a very natty pressure-cooker that turned out to be the case for his ciné-camera. He duly put on the rubber suit and aqualung and sank to the bed of the lake, scuffing up clouds of mud as he settled himself on the bottom—for it is never easy to sit down when you weigh only a couple of pounds.

He sat there, almost shrouded in fog, while Flipper was put in the water. She proved as friendly and inquisitive as ever, but this time it was the glass-eyed pressure-cooker that puzzled her. She nosed up to it, sniffing as it were and probing with her whiskers. Tony could see her well enough, but she was far too close for him to be able to bring her into proper focus. And when he managed to persuade her to move away into camera-range she was only a grey-blue in the grey haze of fine particles of silt that he had kicked up with his feet and bottom. He soon gave up the attempt and came ashore.

"It's no good," he said, handing up his camera to me, "I've got some fine shots of sunlight filtering through fog—but I don't think there'll be much of Flipper."

We talked the problem over at length over tea. Obviously we needed clearer and more spacious waters, and we knew that we should only find them away to the west and the south where the murky tides of the English Channel gave way to the slower-moving deeper Atlantic approaches off the Devon and Cornish coasts. In settled summer weather we ought to be able to find clear blue water in which the camera could see for ten feet and the eye for a good deal farther.

Accordingly, we decided to take Flipper to Captain Hampton's diving school at Warfleet Creek, close to the mouth of Dartmouth Estuary, for the last fortnight in August, when we should have the best chance of clear, calm water. It was a perfect place for diving, with steep rocky shores. Trevor and Gwyn Hampton could be relied on to help us, and were able to provide an inexhaustible supply of compressed air and a boat.

Meanwhile the pups had a month at Baynton before our expedition to the sea. And it was not an easy month. Indeed I had my work cut out keeping them alive and well, without trying to train them to obey me under water, especially as high summer is not usually a happy or idle time for the watercress-grower, whose life will probably be plagued with duckweed, greaves, or even mustard-beetle.

The pups still had to be weaned. I had, of course, long mastered the art of intubation until it ran as smoothly and effortlessly as any other hydraulic machinery. But if you go on intubating the young of any animal after its normal weaning age it will soon suffer from the faulty diet and may eventually die.

Somehow or other I had to get protein into them. Protein alone could build up their bones, give them adult strength and energy and protect them from the diseases to which adolescents are prone—to say nothing of enteritis and septicæmia.

As a last resort I tried to force pulped herring through the enema-pump in place of the usual mixture. This merely resulted in frayed tempers at both ends of the tube. Diana bit my thumb with resentment at being cheated of her normal fare, the connecting link broke under the pressure of this viscous sludge, and my face was plastered with an unpleasant layer of fish.

## Right ingredients

Finally I asked Geoffrey Barnard. He frowned and sucked at his pipe in almost silent thought for a long time before he said: "What about agricultural fish-meal? It ought to go through the tube easily enough, if you mix it with a little milk and margarine to start with—later on you can mix it with boiled water."

"But do you know what they put in it? Can we be sure that it contains no vegetable matter? The one thing I do know is that seals mustn't eat anything except sea-food."

"You've got something there," Geoffrey admitted. "But never mind. I'll write for an analysis."

The makers were not long in replying.

"It's just the job," Geoffrey told me. It contained most of the ingredients that a mother seal might prescribe for her young in a state of nature, and nothing else. For young seals are able to feed on small molluscs and crustacea on the sea-bed; and this fish-meal was made from the leavings of Grimsby herring-trawls and thus consisted of undersized fish, crab, molluscs and any other sea life that might be swept up with the herrings. Salt, phosphorus, protein and other necessary ingredients were all present in the correct proportions.

"What's more," Geoffrey went on, "it's sterilized in the manufacture, so any noxious bacteria will have been killed, and the thiaminase will have been eliminated."

Now thiaminase, a substance which is found in all white and freshwater fish, destroys vitamin B1, and it had occasionally harmed seals in zoos.

"If you keep on adding cod-liver oil and the odd dose of B1, this fishmeal should provide a pretty complete diet for an adult seal."

For six weeks all went well. I learned to mix and administer this new diet—though I never quite eliminated the risk of a face full of fishmeal. Flipper and Diana both grew steadily stronger and plumper and more energetic. I had managed to get them off a milk-and-margarine diet, but I could hardly say that they were properly weaned.

Until they took it into their heads to swallow fish on their own, the pups and I would still have to be at opposite ends of that rubber tube at least twice a day, wherever we went and whatever we did. It would be a nuisance, but it would mean that they would not be able to forsake their only source of nourishment and run away

*continued on page 32*

## Everybody's Puzzling

### QUIZZLE

**The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.**

#### CLUE DOWN

A. Lavish, glittering Tournament in France, attended by Henry VIII and Francis I (3, 5, 2, 3, 5, 2, 4).

#### CLUES ACROSS

A. Quality of a sound.
B. A huge slaughter.
C. Sunday after Maundy Thursday.
D. Object of unreasoning worship.
E. Vast frozen floating mass.
F. Liquor said to prolong life.
G. Surname of German Protestant reformer, 1483-1546.
H. Ancient Celtic priest.
I. Gem which shows changing colours.
J. Theatre hall or lobby.
K. Hard-baked sweetmeat.
L. Venomous Indian snake.
M. Name under which Charles Lamb wrote his essays.
N. Ringing of bell at fixed evening hour.
O. Medicine often prescribed for coughs.
P. Continental Customs Post.
Q. Cart used during French Revolution to convey victims to guillotine.
R. Practical discourse or sermon.
S. Forgetfulness.
T. Bodily condition of high temperature.
U. To ornament a dish.
V. Consequence.
W. Baby clothes.
X. One-humped camel.

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| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
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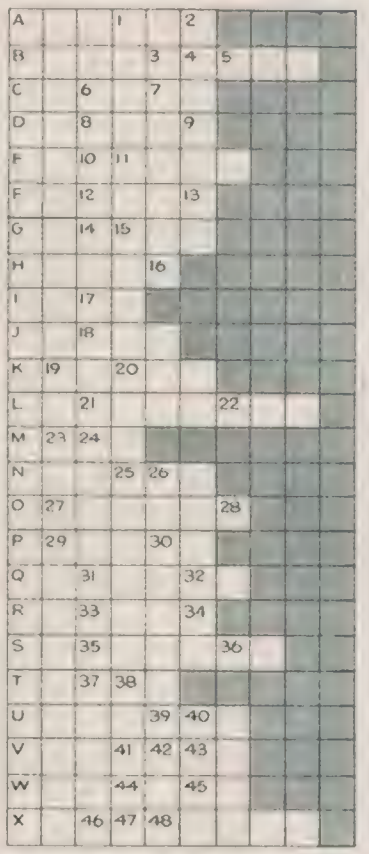
| 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 |
| 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | | |




### BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

A hotel chef was suddenly faced with the difficulty of making a cube of cheese, 4 in. × 4 in. × 4 in., and covered with rind, do for 64 unexpected diners.

He cut the cheese into 1-in. cubes. None of the diners, of course, wanted a bit with rind on it. But, in fact, how many had bits with no rind at all; how many with rind on one side; rind on two sides, and rind on three sides?

NOW TURN TO PAGE 36 FOR THE ANSWERS

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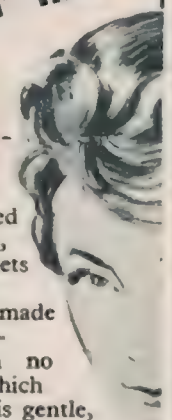

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NAME .....

ADDRESS .....


# A seal flies by

*continued from page 30*

to sea when I took them to Dartmouth.

I should still be able to use the enema-pump to control their movements below the surface just as surely as I had been able to above it.

Then both the pups fell ill with enteritis, as well as having unpleasant abscesses on the flippers and above the eyes.

Although I was a complete amateur I had one big advantage on my side. Most of the experts had tried to rear their sand-seals, more than eight years ago, before the benefits of the antibiotic age could be applied to the animal kingdom. Flipper and Diana might suffer for lack of that excellent disinfectant, salt water, and the vitamins in fresh sea-food. They might have their systems invaded by strange inland bacteria that no seal antibody had had to face before, but I could pump steptevex into their stomachs and Geoffrey could inject streptomycin into their bloodstreams, and thus destroy the infection.

Both pups pulled round with amazing rapidity. Within twenty-four hours they were swimming vigorously in the pond again.

But the biggest problem was Diana's character. Instead of remaining a happy companion and playmate for Flipper, she began to grow jealous of her and persecute her with her superior strength.

From the start I had been determined to try and keep the two pups together, so that they could be company for one another. I had felt a seal might be horribly lonely all on its own in such strange surroundings. For the first month or so their games among the water-lilies had been friendly enough. But not now. They were all too apt to fight. Good-natured Flipper was always beaten by bossy Diana, who would chase her victim on land as well as on and below the surface of the lake. She would catch her by the scruff of her neck and sink her ferret-sharp teeth into it as deep as she could, causing another crop of abscesses to break out there.

I decided that I must send Diana away, at least while we took Flipper to Dartmouth, for then I did not realize how much I should eventually train her to do. I rang up my friend, Ronald Lockley, who is a great expert on the Atlantic seal, and asked if he would like to take her at his place in Pembrokeshire.

Ronald had been over to Baynton some weeks before to see how I was rearing my sand-seals, and was so impressed by their superior intelligence and ease of handling that he offered to take one if not both the pups in an emergency.

Now he confirmed this offer. Luckily for me Tony Soper had been over again filming a bit of background Baynton life, and he also happened to be going down to Pembrokeshire in a few days' time. He agreed to take Diana down with him in his Land-Rover.

I was sorry to say goodbye to Diana. She was on her very best behaviour when Tony came to pick her up and settle her on a special waterproof cushion beside his driving seat. She always appreciated personal, individual attention and that was what she was certainly getting now. From now on she was going to be on her own, getting all the fussing and all the enema-pump instead of only half.

My last glimpse of her was sitting quietly beside the driver with her coat as fluffy and white and innocent-looking as a teddy-bear's. As Tony Land-Rover emerged into the road from the drive, she stuck her neck out through the window to take a last look around.

Flipper thrived with Diana out of the way. When Tony turned up again, this time with his precious new camera case and diving equipment, we put her in an ice-box at the back of the Vanguard and set off for Dartmouth.

The August sun was shining in a clear blue sky; the B.B.C. had mentioned a depression over Ireland, but for twenty-four hours we could expect reasonably good diving conditions.

My bringing-up of sand-seals was, in fact, about to enter a new and even more exciting phase.

It was to bring humour, tragedy—and, though I say it myself, rare achievement.

*© R. H. Pearson, 1959*

***NEXT WEEK: Flipper escapes to sea—and finds her way back***

*"A Seal Flies By," by R. H. Pearson, is published as a book by Rupert Hart-Davis at 16s.*

**Starke's guide to correct wear**

**"A man who can afford only to hire the necessary clothes for special functions might very well ask himself whether the attendant incidentals, too, are within his means"**

# Women get the City under their thumb

*continued from page 12*

in recent years of things like home perms, detergents, nylon derivatives and aerosols has been due to the quick and enthusiastic backing of women shareholders. They can also be critical. The managing director of a cosmetics firm told me: "Not long ago, we changed our style of packaging. Within a week, I had seventy-six letters from women shareholders protesting that the new colour scheme was wrong. We looked at it again, carried out another study, and of course they were right. Now as it happens we have more men shareholders than women. But we never hear from them and I haven't the foggiest idea who they are."

Even advertising campaigns have an effect on the susceptible woman investor. One stockbroker who numbers nursing sisters, secretaries and schoolteachers among his clients told me: "If there is a new product advertised in the press or on television, it's ten to one that within a matter of days, several women will be on the phone to me to buy some stock. They get the idea that if there is a big advertising effort on, the product will sell and make money. A crude way to go about it, of course, but often effective."

On balance, women investors appear to be more suspicious than their menfolk. Not long ago when a Canadian millionaire, Roy Thomson, made a successful take-over bid for Kemsley newspapers and offered ninety shillings for every forty-five shillings share, most stockholders accepted his offer. Seventy-eight per cent of those who did not were women. As one City man told me: "It sounded good—perhaps too good—and most of these women thought someone was trying to put one over them. Now of course the shares are down to eighty shillings."

There is another important and unexpected side effect of this feminine invasion of the City, and most of the specialists I talked to were quick to point it out: the City is showing a different face to the world. It is sprucing itself up and putting on a smile.

As one stockbroker told me: "It is now strictly a come-into-my-parlour question. We've got to cater for women. . . ."

In sober firms long trained to put up a haughty front towards the outsider, a new expression is being whispered: public relations. But where women are concerned, public relations often become personal relations. One broker told me: "Women *will* insist on telephoning every now and then. They want to know how their shares are doing. Shouldn't they sell this or that, and what does this mean? Are you sure we're going to make some money? Some of them, bless my soul, even call on you here in the City. Goodness knows what they expect to find."

One high-powered boss of a City firm was surprised some months ago when, five minutes before going home time, his private secretary buttonholed him and told him that she wanted to invest £60 of her own money. "It really shook me," he said. "Imagine that—sixty pounds, and a slip of a girl, too. But I sat on the corner of my desk and we worked it all out together. After all, you never know when she might introduce me to someone with real money."

Women have gone into the City. They are the new capitalists and, like their sisters in the United States who already outnumber men shareholders by some tens of thousands, their pound note, multiplied by millions, mean that they are a power.

Not long ago, one elderly stockbroker was told that a woman client had come to visit him. In a quiet period, he left the floor of the house and took her to the public gallery. Patiently, he explained all about the bulls who buy when they believe there will be a rise in price and the bears who sell when they think prices will fall. "And why should they believe that?" the woman demurely asked. "That, dear lady," the stockbroker replied, "is a question I was hoping to ask you." THE END

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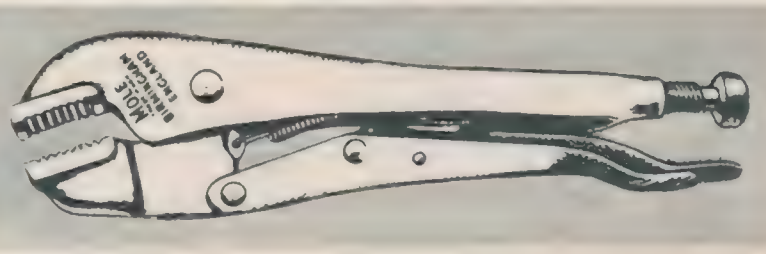

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DACHSIE

# My life with Otto John

*continued from page 20*

investigating judge who had led the questioning said: "I must say that, personally, I believe your story."

One morning, walking into the lounge, I noticed that one of the bodyguards tried to hide the newspaper from me. "I don't care what they say about Otto," I told him. "I know what to think of him myself." But I wasn't prepared for the headline which jumped at me from the front page: "Otto John Commits Suicide." Horrified, I read on: "It is reliably reported that Otto John, who recently defected to the East, has committed suicide by throwing himself from a window. . . ." Aloud I said: "This isn't true. Otto doesn't give up that way." I went up to my room and tried to comfort myself by reading repeatedly the last phrase in Otto's letter: "I will explain later."

Suddenly I knew there was something I could do. I would write Otto a message straight from my heart, without consulting the security men. Copying the address on Otto's letter—it was a post office number in East Berlin—I wrote: "Life is a gift from the gods. Keep this in your mind, and take care of your health. . . ."

I slipped out the back of the house, walked quickly to the post office, and posted Otto's letter. When I got back the security officers were worried about my absence. I told them: "I've been to the post office to buy a few stamps."

Meanwhile—as I discovered much later—Otto had been flown from East Berlin to Moscow. There he was taken to a country house and given every comfort. He walked in the grounds, and spent much of his time learning Russian.

His constant companion was a young and charming Russian officer who treated him so courteously that their real relationship—that of prisoner and watchdog—seldom obtruded. He was given a radio and a television set, and a batch of German newspapers was brought to him every morning. Once he noticed that the papers included a copy of a medical journal. His companion explained: "That is for Dr. Wohlgemuth." Otto ascertained that Wohlgemuth was also in Moscow.

But Otto's gilded captivity in Moscow merely filled him with foreboding for what was to come. Soon he was in the depths of a severe mental depression. It was at this critical time that he received my letter.

### Lived in luxury

Later, Otto told me: "You know, Lucie, that letter of yours probably saved my life. I got it when I was on the brink of suicide."

Otto was relieved when, without explanation, he was suddenly taken to a village near the holiday resort of Sochi in the Caucasus. Now at last, he told himself, the softening up was over, and he would find out what the Russians wanted from him. Yet at the resort his accommodation was even more luxurious.

He lived in a country mansion which seemed to have survived unaltered from the days of the czars. Each day he was questioned for hours by a team of Russian intelligence men, who asked him nothing about West German security, but seemed intent on making him confess that he had been a British agent. Their constant harping on this theme caused a furious quarrel between Otto and the Russian intelligence men.

Eventually his interrogators seemed satisfied. After a brief return visit to Moscow, Otto was flown back to East Berlin in December, 1954.

In the West, the hostility against Otto continued. A full-scale debate was held in the Bundestag on the subject of his apparent defection to the Communists. Chancellor Adenauer and the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Schroeder, were bitterly attacked by the opposition. For two days the radio programmes were given over to a full relay of the debate.

After his return to East Germany I began to receive occasional letters from Otto. Most of them contained political statements, but here and there, by a pet word or phrase I recognized, I knew that the old Otto still survived.

Sometimes he would inquire after my aunt's poodle. I would reply that it was well, and still had the same approach to food. This particular poodle would refuse any food put in front of it if the name "Stalin" was uttered, but would eat it up eagerly as soon as my aunt said: "Churchill." So my aunt's poodle came to be a symbol of freedom between us.

One day in September, 1954, a dowdy, middle-aged woman called at the house and asked to see me alone. She was told this was impossible. Eventually she agreed to see me in the presence of the security officers.

She handed me an envelope, but refused to say who had given it to her. When the security men began to question her, she became hostile and aggressive. The envelope contained two thousand marks—about £160—in banknotes.

The guards handed the woman over to the local police. After twenty-four hours' grilling she admitted to being a clerk in a bank which had received the money from an unknown source in the Soviet zone, with instructions to hand it to me. She had been told to give me the money secretly. The woman had taken her instructions so seriously, she nearly succeeded in being charged with espionage.

A few months after Otto's disappearance, I took a holiday at St. Moritz with Gisela, my daughter from a former marriage. I hoped that with a change of scenery I should be able to forget for a while the terrible circumstances in which I was separated from Otto.

Just after our arrival we got into

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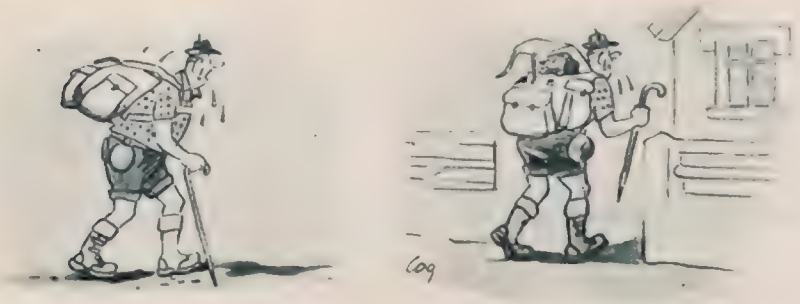
FORGIVENESS—1

We should always forgive—
the penitent for their sake,
the impenitent for our own.

Marie Ebner-Eschenbach



conversation with a Swiss couple who were picking mushrooms near the hotel. When we introduced ourselves, the husband chuckled over my name: "No relation, I presume, to the infamous Dr. John who deserted to the Russians?"

Back in the Soviet zone of Berlin, Otto lived in a country district near the city. He was given an identity card bearing his name and a false address. He was shadowed night and day. He lived with a permanent guard, whose mother-in-law did the cooking. Two other security men acted as relief guards. Each day Otto was driven to an office in the former Wilhelmstrasse which had been put at his disposal.

His job was to produce propaganda material on the twin themes of German reunification and demilitarization. But he worked very slowly. When asked to edit a political periodical, he produced only one issue in six months. He began work on a film script.

## Lectured workers

Sometimes he toured parts of East Germany, giving lectures to passive groups of factory workers. Afterwards, he told me: "All the time I was supposed to be working for Communism, I didn't produce a single original idea of my own. All I did was to keep turning over the same old stuff about Germany which the Communists had been plugging for years."

All the time I was trying to establish a closer contact with Otto. At one time I was ready to go to East Berlin with Harry Soedermann, who had the protection of neutral status, but Soedermann fell ill and died. I sent an ageing aunt of mine to East Berlin, with her sister, to get in touch with Otto, and act as a go-between. "Nobody will suspect the motives of two elderly ladies," I told her.

Soon afterwards she left for the East. When she returned, she said: "I've seen Otto, and I'm convinced that he doesn't want to escape. He didn't seem to want us to help him."

Later, from Otto himself, I found out why. He had met the aunts, and given them tickets for the Berlin State Opera. Just before the performance, he sat down next to them in the stalls. As the curtain rose, the orchestra played the East German national anthem, and everybody in the theatre stood up, except the two old ladies. They were determined to show their contempt of Communism.

This deliberate act of drawing attention to themselves appalled Otto. He decided it was too risky to trust them any further.

In October Erich Kleiber, the orchestral conductor, had come to see me; he was an old friend of mine. He had just returned from conducting at the Berlin Opera House in the Eastern sector, and had met Otto, who had called on him in the artists' room. But Otto had been formal and guarded. He told me afterwards that he didn't trust Kleiber sufficiently to give him a message. "I have always considered artists and musicians to be politically unreliable," he said.

But Erich's visit did achieve one useful object—he passed Otto's telephone number on to me.

By that time I had returned to England and taken up my career as a teacher of singing. I was beginning to need money; Otto's salary ceased a month after his abduction. Also, opinion in Germany remained hostile to Otto, and most of our former friends in Cologne had turned their backs on me.

At Christmas, 1954, I sent out more than a hundred Christmas cards, and received only four in reply.

Apprehensively I picked up the telephone in my Hampstead flat and asked for the number—East Berlin 635380. Within ten minutes I was talking to Otto. "Lucie," he said wryly, "I hope you realize that the whole world is listening to us. . . ."

The months passed. Otto's case began to be forgotten, if not forgiven. My contacts with him were punctuated by long silences. Sometimes I spoke to him again on the telephone, but our conversations had to be reserved and cautious; Otto's voice frequently betrayed strain.

All this time—as I was to learn later—Otto was working out ways and means of escaping. His first attempt had to succeed; if it failed, he wouldn't be likely to get a second chance.

The house he lived in adjoined the shores of a lake which stretched across to the American sector. Otto acquired a dinghy and went rowing on the lake. But to make his getaway he needed an accomplice.

Quite often he noticed an attractive girl rowing nearby. He began talking to her, and flirted with her a little. Gradually he got to know her better. Then he found out that he could hardly have made a worse choice—she was a secretary in the office of Wilhelm Pieck, the President of East Germany.

## In high spirits

December 10, 1955, was a cold, dismal day. I had been doing some Christmas shopping in Hampstead, without very much heart. Returning to my flat, I wondered if I should ever spend a Christmas with Otto again. I had a sudden desire to speak to him, and that evening I rang his number.

Otto answered at once. For the first time since his disappearance he seemed in high spirits—the old Otto. I asked him: "What shall I send you for Christmas?"

"I don't need anything."

"But there must be something you would like."

"No. Just send me a bundle of love, Lucie."

I could get no sense out of Otto that evening. Finally he rang off with a confident *"Au revoir!"*

I telephoned my daughter Gisela: "Otto seems very animated. I am sure something is about to happen. He said *'Au revoir'*—till we meet again. I'm sure he'll be back soon."

At six o'clock the next evening a call came from the office of the chief of security in Bonn.

As I waited for the voice to begin I had a moment of panic. Supposing I was going to hear that Otto was dead—shot down in a desperate attempt to escape? Then I heard someone addressing me in calm masculine tones.

"Frau John, we are happy to tell you that your husband crossed the border into West Berlin this afternoon. He is here with us now in the office. Yes, he is perfectly safe."

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*NEXT WEEK: I see Otto put on trial—for treachery*

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*Robinson's*

***Lemon Barley and Glucose***

*for Refreshment and Energy* — says *OLD HETHERS*

# Happiness Exchange

*continued from page 17*

adopted us all into the Happiness Exchange family, "what shall we do about Albert?" His telephones responded with flashing lights and pledges of money for beefsteaks poured in. Week after week Albert came briefly to the microphone, reporting pounds lost.

It cost $500, but after three months Albert, weighing twenty stones, was driving a taxi again.

One brutally cold winter's night the nightwatchman at the Happiness Exchange Building rang up to say that a young woman with two small children was begging for shelter. Big Joe repeated the unheard part of a telephone conversation so that we may be as informed as he is.

He called up his "taxi driver in the Bronx" who, if free, never fails to respond.

About half an hour later the waifs arrived. Big Joe welcomed them, his voice warming as he described to us the beautiful little children, nicely dressed and well cared for.

The mother, he told us, was very obviously pregnant. Big Joe asked her to tell him and the listeners how she came to be in such a situation at that time of night. (It was about 1.30 a.m.)

"My mother turned us out," said the girl's voice flatly.

Big Joe called to "Mayree," his silent aide, to fetch coffee for the girl and milk and cookies for the children.

"Do you think you can tell us your story now?"

"Well, my husband left me about a month ago," she said. "I stayed at home because I thought he would come back. He always has before.

"When my money was all gone, I took the children and went to my mother's. My sister and brother live with her, too. Tonight she said she wasn't going to keep us any more and told me to go."

"Give me your mother's telephone number."

We heard the dial whirring.

"Good evening, this is Big Joe at the Happiness Exchange. We have here in the studio a young lady with two little children. She says that she is your daughter and that at about 11 o'clock tonight you turned them out of your house. . . . Yes, you did?" Big Joe sounded incredulous.

"Well, it is difficult for her to find accommodation with two children at this time of night. May I get a taxi and send them back to you till tomorrow morning when I will come and see you and try to come to some arrangement for them? . . . No! You will not?" We could almost see Big Joe's eyebrows climbing up his forehead.

He turned to the young mother. "What is your Christian name, honey?"

"Sandra."

"Now, Sandra, we are going to take care of you, so you can stop worrying, honey. We are going to send you and the children to an hotel for the night."

Mary took the weary girl and the little children down to the taxi.

"Well, cousins, this is a situation I have never met before. I will go and see Sandra's mother myself tomorrow —you must all be as curious as I am to know what made a woman act as she did to her daughter and her own grandchildren," said Big Joe.

"I will tell you what I find out tomorrow night. But now I will give you all a chance to be happy by helping Sandra, who has no money at all.

"I think she may need about $50. . . . Yes, this is Wisconsin 7-3060, the Happiness Exchange, yes, this is Big Joe. You wish to send five dollars to help Sandra. Well, thank you, darling, and God bless you. The cousins are off!"

The denouement next night was absolutely without drama. The mother acknowledged that there had been a quarrel; it did not seem to have been about anything serious; the home consisted of only three rooms and the four adults and two children must have been very overcrowded. "Queer things, families," said Big Joe.

Quite recently Big Joe introduced a minister. "He looks much too young to be a minister. How old are you?"

"Twenty-five."

"And this lady and gentleman you have brought to the studio tonight are members of your congregation? Will you please tell our listeners why you have brought them to us for help?"

The minister told us that this couple had three children, of whom the middle one, the only girl, had been born with a hole in her heart. Without an operation she would surely die. The cost of the operation was $5,000.

The doctors had told the parents a few days before that the child must be operated upon within a month. And their savings amounted to only $1,900.

"I appealed to our congregation," said the minister. "They donated $450. I have another idea which I think should bring in about $150. But these three sums together still leave half of the fees to be found."

Big Joe enthusiastically accepted the challenge of finding the remaining $2,500, but reluctantly granted that this was rather much to hope for.

"Cousins, this is a chance to save a little girl's life," he appealed. "I want to see all the telephones lit up. Good, there's the first one."

The pledges came in thick and fast, twenty-five dollars, then five, ten, three, fifty, a hundred. A listener offered $300 if somebody else would match it. A little over $2,000 was reached before a lull came.

"You are such wonderful people, cousins, won't you be more wonderful still and help us to give the father of this little girl a cheque for $2,500?"

A caller pledged a dollar, another pledged $200 if somebody else would match it. . . . Big Joe was breathless. It was news time, the programme had to be interrupted. We could hardly bear it.

Three minutes later Big Joe was back. "All my telephones are lit up," he said. "I wonder if this is my answer?" Two million listeners were agog. Then in an awed voice: "You are our miracle," he said. THE END

FORGIVENESS—2

The memory and conscience never did, nor ever will, agree about forgiving injuries.

Lord Halifax

Answers to
**Everybody's Puzzling**
See page 30

### FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

A cube has 6 faces, 12 edges, and 8 corners. Each corner is the meeting place of three faces, so the 8 corner cubes will have rind on three sides. Removing these corner cubes will leave only two cubes along each edge, and as each edge is the meeting place of two faces, there will be 12 × 2 cubes—i.e., 24 cubes—with rind on two sides. Each 4 in. × 4 in. side of the original cube of cheese now has only four cubes remaining in it and each of these has rind on one side; therefore, the chef had 6 × 4, or 24 cubes, with rind on one side. The total of cubes with rind on them thus becomes 8 plus 24 plus 24, or 56. Subtracting 56 from 64, 8 is left as the number of cubes with no rind at all. The solution is: (*a*) 8; (*b*) 24; (*c*) 24; (*d*) 8—a most elegantly symmetrical result.

### QUIZZLE

Quotation: Because the birthday of my life is come, my love is come to me. (Christina Rossetti.)
Clue Down: The Field of the Cloth of Gold.
Clues Across: (A) Timbre; (B) Holocaust; (C) Easter; (D) Fetish; (E) Iceberg; (F) Elixir; (G) Luther; (H) Druid; (I) Opal; (J) Foyer; (K) Toffee; (L) Hamadryad; (M) Elia; (N) Curfew; (O) Linctus; (P) Octroi; (Q) Tumbrel; (R) Homily; (S) Oblivion; (T) Fever; (U) Garnish; (V) Outcome; (W) Layette; (X) Dromedary.

# The treasure of Huntsman's Cottage

*continued from page 14*

high time her luck changed, and with the rather secretive atmosphere of the large and rambling cottage.

She started searching the house as soon as Jim left, but found nothing.

These two people began thereafter to follow a curious routine. At eight o'clock each morning Jim would appear at the cottage and would stay until five, but not to redecorate. The drawing-room stayed as it was, with the old hardboard ceiling half ripped down, while he prowled about the house taking up a floorboard here, or prising off a piece of panelling somewhere else.

At ten past eight each morning Muriel went off to catch her bus to work, but she was back in the evening to see Jim before he left. After he had gone, it was her turn to wander about, pulling off skirting boards or levering out loose bricks.

Money is well known to be the root of all evil, but seldom can the mere smell of the stuff have had such a corrupting influence as it had now. Very soon each of these two earnest seekers after gold began to have the gravest suspicions about the other. What had that other been doing, left alone those long hours in Huntsman's Cottage? Where had they looked? What had they found? They cross-questioned each other sharply when they met.

The most trifling circumstances were seized upon as confirmation of their suspicions. When roaring toothache one morning forced Jim to forgo his morning search, Muriel immediately assumed that he had found the treasure and absconded with it to foreign parts. With very great detective skill, she followed his trail twelve miles across country right into a dentist's waiting-room at Crabstreet, and even then she refused at first to believe that he hadn't gone there to have his appearance altered by false teeth so that he could escape unrecognized.

There was the time, too, when Muriel wore a pair of brass ear-rings Jim hadn't seen before; he swore that Aunt Julia had had just such a pair, and demanded to know where she had found them. In the end they had to go to a jeweller and have it proved with acid that they weren't gold before he was satisfied.

Meanwhile the cottage was being rapidly wrecked. There were holes in the walls; the floors were loose and wobbly; there were treads out of the stairs. But the greater the ruin, the greater became the faith of these two slightly demented people in the existence of the treasure. Their mutual distrust sharpened to such an extent that Muriel threw up her job at the brickworks so that she could be always at the cottage.

It was Jim who now began to be tormented by thoughts of the sensational discoveries that might be made between five p.m. and eight in the morning. The anxiety interfered with his sleep; he began to look haggard.

There came at last the evening when, at five o'clock, he could stand it no longer.

"It's no good," he said. "I can't go. I just can't. I'll have to stay here. I can sleep on the sofa."

"You must be out of your mind," said Muriel. "Whatever would the neighbours say?"

"Never mind them," said Jim. "I've got to stay here, I tell you. I must."

"It's hard enough for a young widow to keep her good name anyway," said Muriel, "without your making it worse. Oh, no. No man stays in my house overnight, Mr. Woodpack, until I marry again, if I ever do."

"All right," said Jim, desperately, "I'll marry you."

"Over my dead body," said she.

Jim banged his fist on the table. "Good God!" he cried. "Of course. That's it! We'll have to marry."

"You're mad," said Muriel Tiplode.

"You listen to me," Jim retorted. "Don't think I fancy myself as the most eligible bachelor in these parts; I dare say you could do better. As far as that goes, you aren't the woman I've been waiting these forty years for, either. I like the sporting type, blonde and flashy. But. . . ."

"So I'm a frump, am I?"

"This isn't a case of white-hot passion," said Jim. "It's a matter of business. We can get divorced in five minutes when this is all over—and there's a feather in your cap. With widows, men always wonder what the first husband died of, but a divorcée—there's sophistication and glamour and real Hollywood class for you. . . ."

"I never heard such rubbish."

"You see," Jim explained, "we don't trust each other. How can we? We can't go to a lawyer and draw up a partnership deed, or we'd be in trouble about that treasure trove law. But we can go into partnership all the same. Wouldn't it be a load off our minds if neither of us had to worry about what the other might do, if we were tied up legal and binding without any scope for the old double-cross? Don't you see? Besides, it'd stop the neighbours talking."

"You're crazy," said Muriel. "Of course," she added, "if we were married, there'd be none of this third

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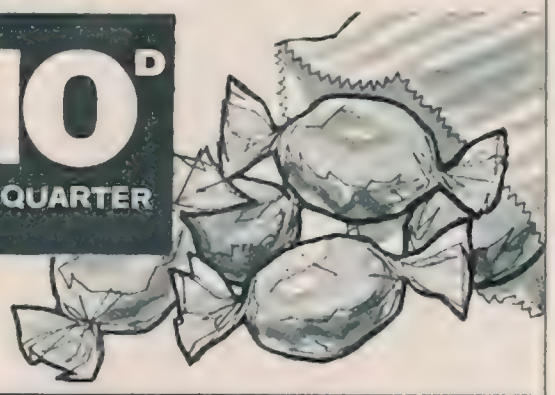
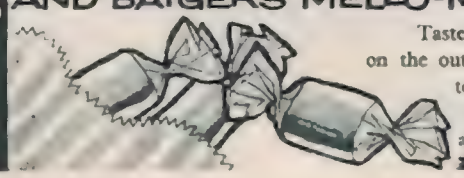



10D A QUARTER

AND BATGER'S MELLO-MINTS, TOO



Taste the cool fresh mint on the outside, the luxurious toffee in the centre. Mello-Mints are *new* and you'll love them!

C.& C.

*continued from previous page*

share nonsense; I'd be entitled to half."

It was Jim's turn to look thoughtful.

But—would you believe it?—from that point the thing actually went through helter-skelter, with a special licence and a breezy blessing from the registrar at Uxminster, with witnesses called in off the street, and no cake, flowers, guests, toasts, old shoes or honeymoons. Out of greed and mutual distrust, these two entered into the state of matrimony; surely an evil-starred match, doomed from the beginning.

Of course the arrangement did have minor advantages for both of them. Jim had brought a little money back from Africa and Muriel didn't have to worry so much about her housekeeping bills. She ate better, too, now that her meals were no longer solitary snacks. And they treated each other with quite reasonable politeness, though it was rather an effort of condescension on both their parts to begin using Christian names.

JIM had now taken it into his head that the treasure was in the garden. He broke up the concrete lily pond, took up the flagged paths, spent days prodding the lawn and the flower beds with a crowbar.

But of course he found nothing. Neither did Muriel. Huntsman's Cottage was now riven and broken, the garden destroyed. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Woodpack did not share many things except their secret. But they did make joint use of the drawing-room, which had been the scene of Jim's first researches while he was still posing as an interior decorator. The hardboard ceiling still hung from the beams, half ripped away.

It had become the custom for Muriel to make coffee in mid-morning and to call Jim in to the drawing-room from whatever part of the premises he happened to be tearing down. It was a domestic moment that Jim was beginning to value.

But there came a morning when he waited for the expected call in vain. Jim had tired of taking down the

FORGIVENESS—3

To forgive and forget is to throw away dearly bought experience.

Schopenhauer

random rubble wall by the gate—he had tired of it because he had suddenly realized that it was useless—and he stood sucking a pipe and wondering why Muriel was so long with the coffee.

Finally, he went in to the house to find out the reason.

The coffee was stone cold in the cups. Muriel Woodpack sat with her head over the gate-leg table, crying.

"What ever's the matter?" Jim asked.

At the sound of his voice she quivered with a sort of hysterical revulsion. After he had coaxed her into talking, she told him that she hated him, and never wanted to see him again.

"But what have I done?"

"Done?" Muriel cried, getting up and screaming at him. "You've ruined me and you've ruined my house, that's what you've done. I've lost my name, my job, everything. I'm not wife or widow or anything at all. Why did I ever listen to you? There's not a penny piece of anybody's money hidden in this house, not a single farthing!"

"Now that's very odd," said Jim, "that we should both come to the same conclusion at the same time. I'm afraid you're right, you know; the treasure isn't here. But to tell you the truth, Muriel, I don't give a twopenny damn."

"What? After what you've done to me, you have the nerve to stand there and say you don't care? Look at the place. Look at this room. Look at the garden. . . ."

"I'll put it to rights," Jim said. "Now I've got Aunt Julia's money out

**"By the way, I ordered a new fur coat this morning"**

of my head, I can really get to work. Don't you fret now. Inside a couple of months I'll have this place looking the finest in the parish. Come on, now, stop worrying about what's done and start worrying about what's still to do. Start choosing your wallpapers and washing machines and make up your mind whether you want horse-brasses or etchings of Norwich cathedral."

"It's all very well. . . ."

"And another thing, Mrs. Muriel Woodpack," Jim said, "when we got married, we made an agreement. Well, I'm as good a man as any politician when it comes to tearing up treaties."

"What do you mean?"

"If you want a divorce," said Jim, "you'll have to fight for it. I know when I'm well-off. Cups of coffee, two eggs for breakfast . . . I never had a place of my own before. In fact, I never had a home at all, not really. And you can keep me at arm's length, if you want to, Muriel; but there's one thing you can't help yourself doing, even in a shambles like this, and that's making a home. You're that sort of woman."

"But Jim. . . ."

"I've knocked about the world in second-rate hotels, camps in the jungle, lodgings in the Midlands," Jim went on steadily, "and this is the first time I've ever had a home. I like it, Muriel, and I want to work for it. . . . Yes, I can get myself a good job now I've got Aunt Julia out of my head, and I'll make Huntsman's Cottage something you'll be proud of. Me and my flashy women. What other kind did I get the chance of knowing until I met you? I'd rather have a cup of coffee with you at eleven o'clock in the morning than a bottle of champagne with the blondest kitten of the lot at midnight in the ritziest hotel anywhere."

"Jim! You don't mean. . . ."

"I mean a lot of things," Jim said. "I mean a real marriage and a honeymoon and a few thousand other things beside. I mean I love you, Muriel. That's what I mean."

SHE stood staring at him, still crying, but in a somewhat different key.

"I'll make this place fit for you, Mrs. Woodpack," he said. "I'll start right here where I left off."

And he reached up and tore down the next sheet of hardboard.

"Oh, Jim," Muriel cried.

Jim took her in his arms—took his wife into his arms for the very first time and showered kisses upon her. And, from the newly torn gap in the old ceiling, pieces of paper began fluttering down about them like gigantic snowflakes.

The bank-notes lodged on Muriel's hair and Jim's shoulders, and piled up about their feet. Neither noticed them for some time. Even when they did, they didn't seem half so important as love and kisses. THE END

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# Call in the night

*continued from page 23*

began to feel, awkwardly, that he was boring her. "After all," he said hurriedly, "a man has his pride. And living alone isn't always of his own choosing. When I'd finished my time in the navy, I reckon I'd got too set in my ways to change."

"You make out you're as old as Old Moore."

"I'm old enough to know I haven't any new tricks and that the youngsters always seem to get in first." He smiled shyly. "Nowadays, they've all lost interest. That is, all of them, except Acheson's sister, and she's a proper old spinster who'd have anybody as long as he wore trousers."

She stared at her mug for a moment, then looked up at him and smiled.

"Before you put your foot in it any further," she said, "I'm not married either."

WILLIE'S eyes flew to her fingers and he realized they were bare of rings. For a moment he couldn't think of anything to say.

"Sorry," he said gruffly. "I never dreamed you—I mean. . . ." His eyes on her calm, neat features, he found himself stumbling over his words. "I wouldn't have believed it," he ended lamely.

"Simple enough," she said frankly. "Nobody ever asked me."

There was a pause which seemed to Willie to go on for ever.

"I'd better see how Old Fred's getting on," he suggested in a strangled voice.. ."Have a nap. It'll be a smoother ride going back."

He dived for the cabin door.

His thoughts were busy as he stood by the tiller on the return journey towards the cluster of lights that was Acheson's post just alongside the boatyard that Willie owned. It wasn't a bad little boatyard, he thought defensively as he tried to fight off the feeling of being a failure that came upon him from time to time. Acheson had been hinting for a long time that Willie could do with a partner and a more congenial assistant than Old Fred, someone not too young and not too old, yet someone clever enough to look after the books.

*A coastguard, for instance, looking for a cushy billet for his retirement,* Willie said to himself.

At the thought of Acheson, he remembered the coastguard's description of the woman in the cabin below, and the words seemed to come out of the air and hit him in the face like a personal insult that immediately stirred his slow spirit to anger. *Some stringy old dear with a face like a horse,* he had said. Willie decided to throw it back in Acheson's face the next time he saw him. Acheson had no cause to talk, with that old battle-axe he had for a wife, with a mouth so tight it looked as though it had been stitched across her face.

For her age, now—Willie glanced cautiously into the cabin—that woman he'd got on board wasn't bad-looking at all. Must have been quite a pippin in her day, in fact—or even now.

Willie frowned as he found his thoughts dwelling more and more on Acheson's words. And by the time they had reached the mooring buoy again, that sympathy for the underdog that made up a large part of his character was making him angrier and angrier.

"Face like a horse, by Golly!" Willie sneaked another look into the cabin and his fist tightened to a knot on the tiller. Then he caught the ancient bitter gaze of Old Fred on him and he hurriedly directed his stare over the bows to the hazy purple of the shore.

Acheson was waiting for them in the dinghy as they moored, and at the sight of the coastguard's red face Willie found himself almost flinging his stored-up annoyance straight at him.

*Face like a horse! My God!* He stopped himself spitting out the words just in time.

He went into the cabin and stirred his passenger and, in waking, she smiled sleepily at him so that he had to hurry out on deck again and busy himself with helping Old Fred.

AS he rowed them ashore in the first of the daylight, Acheson was boasting about what a fine job he had done in safely delivering Charlie Platt's baby, and Willie realized, with a touch of jealousy, that the coastguard had also decided there was nothing of the "stringy old dear" about the uniformed figure in the stern of the dinghy, and was reacting accordingly.

"Good job I saw that light," he was saying loudly, full of self-importance. "Rotten morse it was, too, but luckily I was once the best morse reader in the Home Fleet. If I hadn't spotted it, I dunno what would have happened."

"I do." Willie spoke sharply as the boat grounded on the mud, all his annoyance at Acheson coming to the surface in an explosive burst of anger. "Some other silly fool would have seen

## ARE YOU AN OPTIMIST OR A PESSIMIST?

*See page 14*

**Your answers to the questions on page 14 should be scored as follows, with a minimum score of minus 100 and a maximum of plus 100:**

1. (a)−10. (b) 0. (c) 10.
2. (a) 10. (b)−10. (c) 0.
3. (a)−10. (b) 10. (c) 0.
4. (a)−10. (b) 10.
5. (a)−10. (b)−10. (c) 0. (d) 10.
6. (a)−10. (b) 10. (c) 0.
7. (a)−10. (b) 0. (c) 10.
8. (a) 0. (b) 0. (c) 10. (d)−10.
9. (a)−10. (b) 0. (c) 10.
10. (a) 10. (b)−10. (c) 0.

A score close to zero is the theoretical ideal, but the closer you are the more fatalistic and colourless your outlook. Hope and despair are among the emotional assets which lift human beings above the animals and are therefore desirable. The fatalist suppresses them. Minus 80 to minus 100 are the marks of the confirmed pessimist, who has probably had some hard knocks to produce such a sour view. Minus 50 to minus 70 indicate a tendency to get in the doldrums the moment things go wrong.
80-100 on the plus side are the marks of the owner of rosy-tinted spectacles who may be riding for a fall if he refuses to face unpleasant facts now and then. 40-70 cover the wide span of the typically healthy mind of the man or woman who admits the snags in life but believes that tomorrow is another day, and thereby may too often delay decisions.


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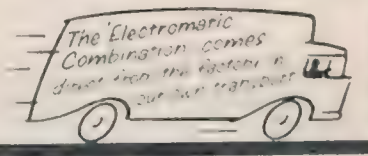


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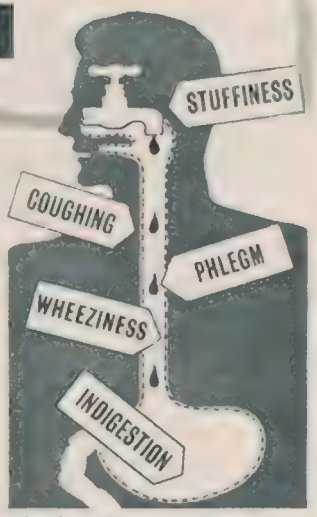


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Go GAY WITH JAPLAC

ONE COAT LACQUER

". . . and thank you for all your help!"

*continued from previous page*

it and dragged me out of bed instead. It wasn't you, man, who did ail the work."

As they climbed ashore, he could see the midwife's startled expression beyond Acheson's stupefied face, and Old Fred's lined, bitter countenance twisted into the gap-toothed grimace that passed with him for a grin.

"Expect you'd like a wash and brush-up," he said gruffly to hide his confusion as they turned to the car. "Come on up to my place. We'll leave the curtains drawn back so that all the village gossips will be able to see."

She laughed and held the door open for him to climb in.

While she was washing, Willie began to feel hungry and realized he hadn't eaten for nearly twelve hours. He flung some bacon and eggs into a pan—then doubled the portion and began to set the table. When his guest reappeared, he plonked a smoking plate down. "Better have something to eat," he said gruffly. "Do you good."

She stared at him for a moment, startled, then she pulled up a chair.

All the time they were eating, Willie kept stealing glances across the table to her. *Face like a horse,* he repeated to himself angrily. The words were knotted inside him and he found himself getting worked up into a temper again. She'd got damn pretty hair for a horse and a figure that could show Acheson's wife a thing or two.

He looked up again to find her eyes on him. He blushed and rose to fetch the coffee pot.

"I should think you're a very self-sufficient man, aren't you?" she asked as she took the cup from him.

Willie poked the fire and picked up the cat. "I dunno," he said slowly, fondling its ears. "Get a bit fed up of being on me own at times. Nobody ever comes near me till they want something. And just because a man don't go running round screaming for someone to talk to him, it doesn't mean he's never lonely."

She stared into her cup. "I think I know what you mean," she said.

As she got up to go, she paused at the door, holding her outdoor clothes over her arm as she thanked him for the meal.

"Far to go?" he asked as he opened the door of the car for her.

"Twenty-odd miles."

"That's a long way," he said, trying hard to think of something to say that might delay her a little longer.

"Yes, it is a bit."

She started the engine and Willie stood back, suddenly more solitary than ever in his life before.

Then, as she glanced around, making sure she had all her possessions with her in the car, her eyes fell on Willie's scarf lying on the floor, where it had dropped on the way up from the boat.

"Your scarf," she said. "I nearly ran off with it."

"Perhaps you'd like to keep it for the run home," Willie said desperately. "It's a cold morning."

It was only a slender chance he took. But to his surprise, she accepted.

"Thanks," she said, wrapping it round her neck. "I'll bring it back when I come along to have another look at Charlie Platt's baby."

Willie's lonely heart leaped. It had never occurred to him that Charlie Platt's baby, unlike a boat, would require further attention once it was launched.

"Will you be wanting a lift across again?" he asked eagerly.

"Every day for a while."

"Every . . . ? Look," Willie said quickly, "don't let that fool Acheson foist you off on somebody else. I've got the driest seaboat in the harbour." He paused, swallowed and went on in a rush. "You ought to try her on a nice day—see Doe Island with the sun on it. Looks prettier then."

She smiled and there was a look in her eyes that matched his own.

"You won't have to ask me twice," she said.

His grin became one of sheer delight and he ran his fingers through his hair in embarrassment.

"I'll be round tomorrow to see if Charlie Platt's recovered," she said.

"Tomorrow!" Willie almost danced. "More'n he deserves," he commented. "Getting you out of bed like that."

"Don't be too harsh," she smiled. "They're all the same with the first. Poor Charlie, he's so relieved, he's going to call it Mary after me."

Mary! Willie rolled the name round his tongue as the car moved away.

Coastguard Acheson, just trudging up from the jetty with Old Fred, wondered why Willie suddenly threw the cat in the air, caught it, and did a little lumbering step-dance as he re-entered his garden. THE END

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## NEXT WEEK'S STORIES

SUSANNAH AND THE HEROES
by Clive Burnley

**THE PRISONERS**
**by S. H. Courtier**

# Cat among the pigeons

*continued from page 26*

bush," said Bond when Ann Shapland had gone. "For goodness' sake let's hope we get something out of the servants."

But the servants had nothing of interest to tell them. Then Miss Bulstrode interrupted.

"One of the girls would like to speak to you," she said.

Kelsey looked up sharply. "Indeed? She knows something?"

"As to that I'm rather doubtful," said Miss Bulstrode. "She is one of our foreign girls, Princess Shaista—niece of the Emir Ibrahim."

Miss Bulstrode went out and a slight dark girl came in.

She looked at them, almond-eyed.

"You are the police?"

"Yes," said Kelsey, smiling.

Shaista sat down, leaned forward, and lowered her voice dramatically. "There have been people watching this place. Oh, they do not show themselves clearly, but they are there."

Inspector Kelsey thought the girl was dramatizing herself.

"And why should they be watching the school?"

"Because of *me*! They want to kidnap me."

Whatever Kelsey had expected, it was not this. His eyebrows rose.

"Why?"

"To hold me to ransom, of course."

"Er—well—perhaps," said Kelsey dubiously. "But—er—supposing this is so, what has it got to do with the death of Miss Springer?"

"She must have found out about them," said Shaista. "Perhaps she told them she had found out something. Perhaps she threatened them. Then perhaps they promised to pay her money if she would say nothing. And she believed them. So she goes out to the sports pavilion where they say they will pay her the money, and then they shoot her."

"Don't you think you may have imagined all this about kidnapping?" Kelsey suggested gently.

Shaista was much annoyed.

"You do not understand at all. My cousin was Prince Ali Yusuf of Rafat. He was killed fleeing from a revolution. It was understood that when I grew up I should marry him. Perhaps those who overthrew him think I know where the jewels are."

"What jewels?"

"My cousin had jewels. So had his father. My family always has a hoard of jewels. For emergencies."

Kelsey stared at her. "But what has all this got to do with you—or with Miss Springer?"

"But I already tell you. They think perhaps I know where the jewels are. So they will force me to speak."

"*Do* you know?"

"No, of course I do not know. They disappeared in the revolution. But now my cousin is dead, they belong to me. If he were not dead, I marry him. I have to. He is my cousin, you see."

She raced on with great animation, "Perhaps somebody gets the jewels out of Rafat. Perhaps good person, perhaps bad. Good person would bring them to me and I should reward him. But if it was a bad person, he would keep the jewels or perhaps say: What will you give me as a reward if I bring them to you?"

"But in actual fact, nobody has said anything at all to you?"

"No," admitted Shaista.

"I think, you know," Inspector Kelsey said pleasantly, "that you're really talking a lot of nonsense."

Shaista looked furious.

"I tell you what I know, that is all," she said sulkily.

When Inspector Kelsey returned to the station the sergeant on duty said: "We've got Adam Goodman, sir."

"Adam Goodman? Oh yes. The gardener."

A young man had risen respectfully. He was tall, dark and good looking. He wore corduroy trousers.

"You wanted to see me, I hear." His voice was slightly truculent.

"Yes, come into my room."

Kelsey sat down at his desk, and motioned to the young man to take the chair opposite.

"Now then," said Kelsey. "You're Goodman"—he looked at a note on his desk—"Adam Goodman."

"That's right, sir. But first, I'd like to show you this."

ADAM'S manner had changed. There was no truculence or sulkiness in it now. He took something from his pocket and passed it across the desk. Inspector Kelsey's eyebrows rose very slightly as he studied it. He looked across at Adam with speculative interest. "So that's who you are. And what the hell, I'd like to know, are you——"

"Doing in a girls' school?" the young man grinned. "It's certainly the first time I've had an assignment of that kind. Don't I look like a gardener?"

"Not around these parts. Gardeners are usually rather ancient. What exactly is going on at Meadowbank—to bring you on the scene?"

"We don't know, actually, that there's anything going on at Meadowbank. My assignment is in the nature of a watching brief. Or was—until last night's murder. I'd better tell you."

Adam lowered his voice and spoke rapidly. Kelsey listened with interest.

"I did that girl an injustice," he remarked. "But you'll admit it sounds too fantastic to be true. Stones worth over half a million? Who do you say they belong to?"

"They belonged, three months ago, to His Highness Prince Ali Yusuf of Rafat. That's about all we know. Except that a lot of people are after them, and none of them scrupulous. Word's got around, you see, It may be a rumour, it may be true, but the story is that the stones were got out of Rafat just before the bust up. There are a dozen tales of *how*."

"But why Meadowbank? Because of little Princess Butter-won't-melt-in-my-mouth?"

"Princess Shaista, first cousin of Ali Yusuf. Yes. Someone may try and deliver the goods to her or communicate with her. And last night, Miss Springer gets herself killed. There could be a connection." Adam paused thoughtfully. "At any rate, it

FORGIVENESS—4

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H. W. Beecher

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# Cat among the pigeons

*continued from previous page*

looks as though there may be someone in the school who merits our very close attention."

"There were two newcomers to the staff this term," Kelsey said. "Apart from Springer, that is. Shapland, the secretary, and Blanche, the French mistress." He looked towards Adam. "Any ideas about them?"

Adam considered.

"I caught Mademoiselle Blanche coming out of the sports pavilion one day. She had a guilty look, as though she'd been doing something she ought not to have done. All the same, on the whole —I think I'd plump for the other. For Shapland. She's a cool customer and she's got brains. I'd go into her antecedents rather carefully."

Kelsey was grinning. "*She* was suspicious of *you*," he said. "Caught *you* coming out of the sports pavilion—and thought there was something odd about your manner."

"Well, I'm damned!"

"I think," Kelsey said, "we'll have to tell Miss Bulstrode who you are. She'll keep her mouth shut."

Adam considered, then nodded.

"Yes," he said. "Under the circumstances, I think it's inevitable."

Miss Bulstrode listened in silence to both Inspector Kelsey and Adam. She did not so much as raise an eyebrow. Instead, she came straight to the point.

"What do you want me to do? Can I help you?"

"I don't think so, at the moment," Kelsey said. "The only thing I can ask is, has anything caused you uneasiness this term?"

Miss Bulstrode was silent for a moment or two. Then she said slowly: "The answer, literally, is: I don't know."

Adam said quickly: "You've got a feeling that something's wrong?"

"Yes—just that. It's not definite. I can't put my finger on any person, or any incident—unless. . . ." She was silent for a moment, then she went on: "I feel—I felt at the time—that I'd missed something that I ought not to have missed. Let me explain."

She recited briefly the little incident at the beginning of term when she had been interviewing parents and Julia Upjohn's mother had apparently recognized someone in the grounds.

Adam was interested.

"Let me get this clear, Miss Bulstrode. Mrs. Upjohn, looking out of the window, this front window that gives on the drive, recognized someone. There's nothing in that. You have over a hundred pupils, and nothing is more likely than for Mrs. Upjohn to see some parent or relation that she knew. But you are definitely of the opinion that she was *astonished* to recognize that person—in fact, that it was someone whom she would *not* have expected to see at Meadowbank?"

"Yes, that was my impression."

"And then your attention was distracted from Mrs. Upjohn?"

Miss Bulstrode nodded.

"She was talking for some minutes?"

"Yes."

"And when your attention did return to her, she was speaking of espionage, of intelligence work she had done in the war before she married?"

"Yes."

"It might tie up," said Adam thoughtfully. "Someone she had known in her war days. A parent or relation of one of your pupils. Or it could have been a member of your staff."

"We'd better get in touch with Mrs. Upjohn," said Kelsey. "As soon as possible. You have her address, Miss Bulstrode?"

"Of course. But I believe she is abroad at the moment. Wait—I will find out."

She pressed her desk buzzer twice, then went impatiently to the door and called to a girl who was passing.

"Find Julia Upjohn for me, will you, Paula?"

"Yes, Miss Bulstrode."

"I'd better take myself off," Adam said. "It wouldn't do for the undergardener to be seen sitting in on the murder inquiry, would it?"

He left. A few minutes later Julia Upjohn appeared, panting.

"I'm sorry I'm so out of breath, Miss Bulstrode," she apologized. "I've run all the way from the tennis courts."

"That's quite all right. I just wanted to ask you your mother's address—that is, where I can get in touch with her?"

"I don't see how you can," said Julia, frowning. "Mother's gone to Anatolia on a bus."

"On a *bus*?" said Miss Bulstrode.

Julia nodded vigorously. "She likes that sort of thing," she explained. "And of course it's frightfully cheap."

"I see—yes. Tell me, Julia, did your mother ever mention to you seeing someone here whom she'd known in her war service days?"

"No, Miss Bulstrode."

"Your mother did intelligence work, didn't she?"

"Oh, yes. She loved it. Not that it sounds really exciting to me. She never blew up anything, or got caught by the Gestapo. She worked in Switzerland, I think—or was it Portugal?"

"Thank you, Julia. That's all."

"Really," said Miss Bulstrode, when Julia had departed. "Gone to Anatolia on a bus! The child said it exactly as though she were saying her mother had taken a bus to Oxford Street."

Jennifer Sutcliffe walked away from the tennis courts moodily, swishing her racket. The amount of double faults she had served this morning depressed her. Not, of course, that you could get a hard serve with this racket, anyway. But she seemed to have lost control of her service lately. Her backhand, however, had definitely improved. Springer's coaching had been helpful. In many ways it was a pity that Springer was dead.

"Excuse me. . . ."

Jennifer looked up, startled. A well-dressed woman with golden hair, carrying a long flat parcel, was standing a few feet away from her. Speaking with a slightly American accent the woman said: "I wonder if you could tell me where I could find"—she consulted a piece of paper—"Jennifer Sutcliffe."

"I'm Jennifer Sutcliffe."

"Why, how ridiculous! That *is* a coincidence—that in a big school like this I should be looking for one girl and I should happen upon the girl herself to ask. And they say things like that don't happen."

"I suppose they do happen sometimes," said Jennifer, uninterested.

"I was coming down to lunch today with some friends down here," went on the woman, "and at a cocktail party yesterday I happened to mention I was coming, and your aunt—or was it your godmother?—I've got such a terrible memory. She told me her name and I've forgotten that, too. But anyway, she said could I possibly call here and leave a new tennis racket for you. She said you had been asking for one."

Jennifer's face lit up. It seemed like a miracle, nothing less.

"It must have been my godmother, Mrs. Campbell. I call her Aunt Gina."

"Yes, I remember now. That *was* the name. Campbell."

The parcel was held out. Jennifer took it eagerly and uttered an exclamation of pleasure as the racket emerged from its coverings.

"Oh, it's smashing!" she exclaimed. "A really *good* one. I've been longing for a new racket. You can't play decently if you haven't got a decent racket."

"Why, I guess that's so."

"Thank you very much for bringing it," said Jennifer gratefully.

"It was really no trouble. Oh, by the way, I was asked to take your old racket back with me." She picked up

## Poet in the Garden

Lift up your dahlias now; one night of frost
Will blacken hopes and leaves. Before they're tossed
By winter gales, make sure all shrubs are firm.
An extra stake or two will serve your turn.
Now a good gardener starts to look ahead,
And, with mouth watering, makes his raspberry bed,
Planting sound canes, with plenty of manure
To plump next summer's berries, and make sure
Of healthy, speedy growth. Prune currants now.
Chrysanthemums, if they're to give a show
Of huge, mop-headed blooms, should be disbudded.
And keep your eye on brussels sprouts, the muddied
Snail-eaten, yellowed leaves cut clean away,
And put them with the compost to decay.
Support the taller plants, firm them in well
Especially after wind, or sharp, cold spell.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

**"I'm doing without my coffee breaks today so I can get off a couple of hours early"**

the racket Jennifer had dropped. "Your aunt—no—godmother—said she would have it restrung."

"I don't think that it's really worth while," said Jennifer, again without paying much attention. She was still experimenting with the swing and balance of her new treasure.

"But an extra racket is always useful," said her new friend. "Oh, dear." She glanced at her watch. "I must run."

"Have you—do you want a taxi?"

"No, thank you, dear. My car is right by the gate. Goodbye. So pleased to have met you. I hope you enjoy the racket."

She literally ran along the path towards the gate. Jennifer called after her once more. "Thank you *very* much." Then, gloating, she went in search of Julia.

"Look," she flourished the racket dramatically.

"I say! Where did you get that?"

"My godmother sent it to me. I expect Mummy told her about me grumbling about my racket. It *is* smashing, isn't it. I *must* remember to write and thank her."

"I should hope so!" said Julia virtuously.

THEY entered the sports pavilion, and Jennifer went and put her new racket carefully into her press.

"What have you done with the old one?"

"Oh, she took it."

"Who?"

"The woman who brought this. She'd met Aunt Gina at a cocktail party, and Aunt Gina asked her to bring me this as she was coming down here today, and Aunt Gina said to bring up my old one and she'd have it restrung."

"Oh, I see. . . ." But Julia was frowning. "Jennifer . . . look here. Your racket didn't *need* restringing."

"Oh, it did, Julia. It was like a sponge."

"I know. But it's *my* racket really. I mean, we exchanged. It was *my* racket that needed restringing. Yours, the one I've got now, *was* restrung. You said yourself your mother had had it restrung before you went abroad."

"Yes, that's true." Jennifer looked a little startled. "Oh well, I suppose this woman—whoever she was—I ought to have asked her name, but I was so entranced—just saw that it needed restringing. Anyway what does it matter?"

"I suppose it doesn't matter," said Julia slowly. "But I do think it's odd."

The third weekend after the opening of term followed the usual plan. It was the first weekend on which parents were allowed to take pupils out. As a result Meadowbank was left almost deserted.

On this particular Sunday there

PLAYER'S
taste
better

[NCC 325T]

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# Cat among the pigeons

*continued from previous page*

would be only twenty girls left at the school itself for the midday meal. Some of the staff had weekend leave, returning late Sunday night or early Monday morning.

And on this particular occasion Miss Bulstrode herself was proposing to be absent for the weekend. She was going to stay with the Duchess of Welsham at Welsington Abbey. The duchess had made a special point of it and had added that Henry Banks would be there. Henry Banks was the chairman of Meadowbank's governors, and Miss Bulstrode was particularly glad to have the opportunity of talking to him on the subject of the school's future and also to put forward her own account of the recent tragic occurrence.

Also, she knew that he wanted to discuss the veiled hint that she had thrown out of her coming retirement. Both the duchess and Henry Banks were anxious to persuade her to remain on. Now was the time, Miss Bulstrode felt, to push the claims of Eleanor Vansittart, to point out what a splendid person she was, and how well fitted to carry on the traditions of Meadowbank.

THAT Saturday morning Miss Bulstrode was just finishing off her correspondence with Ann Shapland when the telephone rang. Ann answered it.

"It's the Emir Ibrahim, Miss Bulstrode. He's arrived at Claridge's and would like to take Shaista out tomorrow."

Miss Bulstrode took the receiver from her and had a brief conversation with the emir's equerry. Then she rang off.

"Have we finished all the letters? Good, then I can go off with a clear conscience and you are free for the weekend. I shan't want you until lunchtime on Monday. Send Miss Chadwick to me, will you?"

Miss Chadwick bustled in.

"The Emir Ibrahim, Shaista's uncle, is taking her out tomorrow, Chaddy. I've told him she's to be back by eight p.m. Now I'm off myself. I'm leaving Eleanor Vansittart in charge to see how she shapes. With you and her around nothing's likely to go wrong."

"I hope not, indeed. I'll go and find Shaista."

Shaista looked surprised and not at all pleased to hear that her uncle had arrived in London.

"He wants to take me out tomorrow?" she grumbled. "But, Miss Chadwick, he is not at all amusing. He eats and then he grunts and it is all very dull."

Miss Chadwick sighed inaudibly. "That will do, Shaista," she said.

Sunday morning dawned bright and serene. Miss Shapland had departed soon after Miss Bulstrode on Saturday. Miss Johnson and Miss Rich left on Sunday morning.

Miss Vansittart, Miss Chadwick and Mademoiselle Blanche were left in charge.

After church, at about half past eleven, cars began to roll into the drive. Miss Vansittart, graceful, poised and dignified, stood in the hall to receive parents.

"I do think Mummy might have come and taken *me* out," said Jennifer, who with Julia was standing with her nose pressed against the window of one of the classrooms, watching the comings and goings on the drive outside.

"There goes Shaista," said Julia, "all togged up for London. Just look at the heels on her shoes."

A liveried chauffeur was opening the door of a large Cadillac. Shaista climbed in and was driven away. . . .

Miss Vansittart and Miss Chadwick were in the common room when Mademoiselle Blanche entered and said: "Where is Shaista? I cannot find her anywhere. The emir's car has just arrived to call for her."

"What?" Chaddy looked up surprised. "There must be some mistake. The emir's car arrived for her about three-quarters of an hour ago. She was one of the first to go."

Eleanor Vansittart shrugged. "I suppose a car must have been ordered twice over." She went out herself and spoke to the chauffeur. "There must be some mistake," she said. "The young lady has already left for London three-quarters of an hour ago."

The chauffeur seemed unperturbed and unsurprised. "Happens all the time with these oriental gentlemen," he said. "They've sometimes got a lot of servants with them, and orders get given twice and even three times over. I expect that's what must have happened in this instance."

He turned his large car with some adroitness and drove away. Miss Vansittart looked a little doubtful for a moment or two, but she decided there was nothing to worry about and began to look forward with satisfaction to a peaceful afternoon.

AFTER luncheon the few girls who remained wrote letters or wandered about the grounds. Miss Vansittart took her fountain pen and her writing pad to the shade of the cedar tree. When the telephone rang at half past four Miss Chadwick answered it.

"Meadowbank School?" The voice of a well-bred young Englishman spoke. "Oh, is Miss Bulstrode there?"

"Miss Bulstrode's not here today. This is Miss Chadwick speaking."

"Oh, it's about one of your pupils. I am speaking from Claridge's, the Emir Ibrahim's suite."

"Oh yes? You mean about Shaista?"

"Yes. The emir is rather annoyed at not having got a message of any kind."

"A message? Why should he get a message?"

"Well, to say that Shaista wasn't coming."

"Wasn't coming! Do you mean to say she hasn't arrived there yet?"

"No, no, she's certainly not arrived. Did she leave Meadowbank, then?"

"Yes. A car came for her this morning—oh, about half past eleven I should think, and she drove off."

"That's extraordinary, because there's no sign of her here. . . . I'd better ring up the firm that supplies the emir's cars."

"Oh dear," said Miss Chadwick, "I do hope there hasn't been an accident."

"Don't let's assume the worst," said the young man cheerfully. "I think we'd have heard if there's been an accident. I shouldn't worry."

But Miss Chadwick did worry. She replaced the receiver and rather unwillingly went to consult Miss Vansittart. Miss Vansittart said at once. "The second car?"

"Do you think," said Chaddy slowly, "that we ought to report this to the police?"

"Not to the *police*," said Eleanor Vansittart in a shocked voice.

"She did say, you know," said Chaddy, "that somebody might try to kidnap her."

"Kidnap her? Nonsense!" said Miss Vansittart.

"You don't think—"

"Miss Bulstrode left me in charge here," said Eleanor Vansittart, "and I shall certainly not sanction anything of the kind. We don't want any more trouble here with the police."

Miss Chadwick looked at her without affection. She thought Miss Vansittart was being shortsighted and foolish. She went back into the house and put through a call to the Duchess of Welsham's house. Unfortunately everyone was out. . . .

Miss Chadwick was restless. She turned to and fro in her bed, counting sheep in vain.

At eight o'clock, when Shaista had


ONLY THREE WEEKS TO CHRISTMAS?

Christmas may still seem a long way off, but if you are sending gifts to relatives or friends in faraway lands you have only three weeks. Mail for parts of Australia, New Zealand, Burma and Pacific islands closes at the end of this month. Soon it will also be too late to post greetings to other distant lands.

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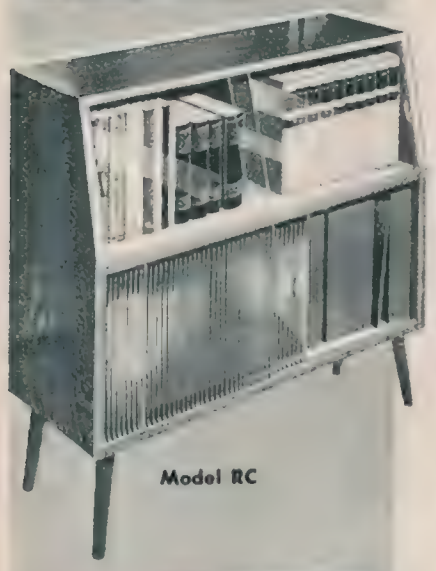

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**Dimensions:** 39*in. high;* 30*in. wide;* 10*in. deep* (*tapered to* 7*in. at top*).

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*Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to John Bull : Everybody's Weekly Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page*

# We advise . . .

**I SENT two pairs of curtains to the cleaners, who apparently cleaned them with the wrong fluid. The colour has run very badly and when I complained they told me that the manufacturers must have used a faulty fabric. I have been in touch with the makers, who said that the cleaners used the wrong spirit for cleaning, but cleaned the curtains again for me. Now the colour is all right, but the curtains have shrunk by six inches and look most unsightly. These are most expensive curtains and I am at a loss to know what to do.—Mrs. B. A.**

● It is usual for cleaners to accept goods for cleaning at owner's risk only and if this applies in your case you will have no claim against them.

If, however, the work was accepted unconditionally, and you have evidence to show that it was done negligently, the firm could be held liable for the value of the curtains.

---

### KEEPING THE BOOKS

**FOR some years I have been acting as a part-time bookkeeper to a small family business, preparing final accounts for submission to the Inspector of Taxes. When the business is converted to (an exempt) private limited company, will it be in order for me to be appointed as auditor of the limited company, bearing in mind that I will still be keeping the books and am not qualified as an accountant?—H. S. H., Sutton, Surrey.**

● As you are not a member of an established body of accountants recognized by the Board of Trade and are, in fact, a servant of the company, you would be disqualified from being appointed as an auditor.

### ON MY UPPERS

**I BOUGHT a pair of shoes and after wearing them a few times the welt above the sole came unstuck. They've been returned to the makers for repair, but I cannot easily afford to buy another pair and it will be some time before I get them back. Must I wait or can I insist on a new pair immediately?—G. H., Longsight, Manchester, 12.**

● The vendor of the shoes is entitled to a reasonable time in which to remedy the defects that have appeared. If, however, the repairs are not satisfactory you can refuse to accept them and unless the firm then offered you a new pair you could claim a refund of your money.

### LAND DISPOSAL

**MY late husband bought a piece of land, about half an acre, which he never developed. I have a plan and the legal documents concerning the purchase. What is the correct method of selling it?—Mrs. E. C., Gateshead.**

● When you have found a buyer you should put the matter in the hands of a solicitor. He will then prepare a formal contract for sale and get in touch with the buyer's solicitor.

When contracts to sell and to buy are exchanged he will arrange a date for completion and hand the deeds to the buyer in return for payment of the agreed selling price.

### UP THE CHIMNEY

**A JOINT chimney stack serves our house and our neighbour's. Is he within his rights in erecting a television aerial which entails lashing wire round my side of the chimney, without asking permission? What happens if it causes any damage?—K. B., Haworth, Yorks.**

● As the stack is common to both houses your neighbour can be compelled to remove any part of the aerial he has attached to your side.

He has no right of access to your roof and can be held liable for any damage caused by his trespass.

### WANTED—A KILLER

**DESPITE everything we have tried our garden is plagued with blackberry bushes, wild grass and bell bine. Is there something we can put down?—Mrs. A. B., Chingford, Essex.**

● You could try Brushwood Killer, sold by Carters Tested Seeds, of Raynes Park, London, S.W.20. This will destroy the weeds, and although it should be noted that it will also destroy all other plants, it does not ruin the soil for later replanting.

### SPOTTY BRASS

**HOW can I remove specks of rust which have appeared on the base of a brass clock?—Mrs. D. K., Douglas, Isle of Man.**

● A good way of cleaning old brass is to use household ammonia, which is available from most ironmongers.

Scrub the brass well with this and then rinse with clean water. Be careful not to let the ammonia or water get on the face or into the works of the clock.

### BIT OF A FROST

**WHAT method could we use to frost the glass windows of our garage? We don't want to paint them.—J. F., Woking, Surrey.**

● One popular method of frosting glass is by applying a mixture of ordinary whitening powder mixed with water. This has the advantage that it can be washed off any time you wish.

### WILL TO COPY

**I WANT to get a copy of a will from Somerset House. Will you please explain the procedure and cost?—P. Y., Uxbridge.**

● Give full particulars, including the date of death of the deceased person and also last known address. Send a postal order for 1s. 6d. which covers the cost of the initial search for the year given. Sixpence extra will be required for each additional year searched.

A copy of a will can be obtained at the rate of 2s. per sheet or part sheet. A personal search at Somerset House costs 1s. for any number of years.

### TAKING A CHANCE

**CAN you advise me on the legal position about installing a "fruit machine" in a private club? I have been told that the installation of one machine for members' amusement does not contravene the Gaming Acts, but I have also been informed that even one machine is illegal and may result in a prosecution. Does the decision rest in the hands of the magistrate or police, or is there a definite ruling?—E. F. W., Harrow, Middlesex.**

● In Daniels V. Pink (1931) the use of a fruit machine was held to be a game of chance; the "chance" not being alike favourable to all players, and was, therefore, illegal.

There have been cases of committee men, present when a resolution was passed for the installation of an illegal automatic machine in a club, being convicted.

## Worth Noting

**ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date**

▶ **1960 refrigerator:** Designed for the minimum-space kitchen, the new English Electric Slimline refrigerator measures only 20¼ in. wide by 22½ in. deep by 36 in. high. It has a cubic capacity of 4 cu. ft. and the adjustable shelving gives a choice of twenty different arrangements.

The rod shelves are plastic finished for simple cleaning and the salad bin, dairy keeper and egg rack are of clear plastic. Available in white or cream with a blue and gold interior, the price is £63 3s. By English Electric, Ltd.

▶ **Cleaning fibre-glass sinks:** These sinks should be cleaned using a solution of hot soapless detergent. Household bleach diluted as recommended by the manufacturers can be used for special cleaning.

Care should be taken to avoid scratch marks appearing on the sink and if they have appeared they can sometimes be made less obvious by an application of metal polish.

▶ **Easy paper hanging:** Designed to make the job of paper hanging simpler and cleaner, the Decormaster paper hanger is light to handle and costs £2 9s. The paper is pasted in the normal way and then folded concertina fashion into the machine, passing the end through a guide and out under the roller. A handle fits on to the underside of the paper container, and you just position the end of the length, and roll it on to the wall.

The machine is particularly useful for papering ceilings. By Sixsons Ltd., Vale Works, Cornholme, Todmorden, Lancs.

▶ **Press ignition oil heater:** The new Eljay oil heater incorporates a gaslighter battery. Finger pressure on a button automatically lights the stove, so that matches need not be used. The heat output of the heater is 8,000 B.T.U.'s per hour and the tank, which holds 10½ pints, will burn for twenty-five hours at maximum.

The chrome plated reflector has deep wide flutes designed to give greater reflection. Price 14½ gns., including tax. By Messrs. L. J. Hydleman and Co., Ltd., Grove Park, Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

▶ **Indoor plant display:** Cover a window sill where plants are displayed with Formica in a colour to tone in with the rest of the room décor. This is so easy to keep clean and the ring marks made by pot plants are easily wiped away.

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# Cat among the pigeons

*continued from page 44*

not returned, and there had been no news of her, Miss Chadwick had taken matters into her own hands and rung up Inspector Kelsey. He did not take the matter too seriously. She could leave it all to him, he assured her. It would be an easy matter to check up on a possible accident. But most likely the girl was playing truant. She was not to worry.

But Miss Chadwick did worry. Lying in bed, sleepless, her mind went from possible kidnapping back to murder.

Murder at Meadowbank. It was terrible. Unbelievable. *Meadowbank*. Miss Chadwick loved Meadowbank. She loved it, perhaps, even more than Miss Bulstrode did. It had been such a risky gallant enterprise.

She had been quite upset when Miss Bulstrode had first begun to talk of retirement. Retire *now*—when everything was set fair? What madness! Miss Bulstrode talked of travel, of all the things in the world to see. Chaddy was unimpressed. Nothing, anywhere, could be half so good as Meadowbank. It had seemed to her that nothing could ever really affect the well-being of Meadowbank.

But now—murder! And perhaps a kidnapping.

She rolled over, turned her pillow, said: "I mustn't go on thinking of it all. I'll just try counting to fifty. . . ."

Before she had got to fifty, her mind was off again on the same track. Oh dear, she must calm down and go to sleep. What time was it? She switched on her light and looked at her watch—just after a quarter to one. Just about the time that poor Miss Springer. . . . No, she would *not* think of it any more.

She got out of bed and went over to the washstand. She took two aspirins with a drink of water. On her way back, she pulled aside the curtain of the window and peered out. She did so to reassure herself more than for any other reason. She wanted to feel that of course there would never again be a light in the sports pavilion in the middle of the night. . . .

But there was.

In a minute Chaddy had leaped to action. She thrust her feet into stout shoes, pulled on a thick coat, picked up her own electric torch and rushed out of her room and down the stairs, eager to get to the pavilion and find out who the intruder was.

She did pause to pick up a weapon—not perhaps a very good one, but a weapon of sorts, and then she was out of the side door.

She was out of breath, but completely resolute. Only when she got at last to the door did she slacken up and take care to move softly.

The door was slightly ajar. She pushed it open and looked in. . . .

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*NEXT WEEK: Murder strikes a second time at Meadowbank*

*"Cat Among The Pigeons" is to be published as a novel by Collins early in November. Price 12s. 6d.*

# Homemaker

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# SCORES OF WONDERFUL NEW IDEAS IN THIS GREATLY ENLARGED ISSUE

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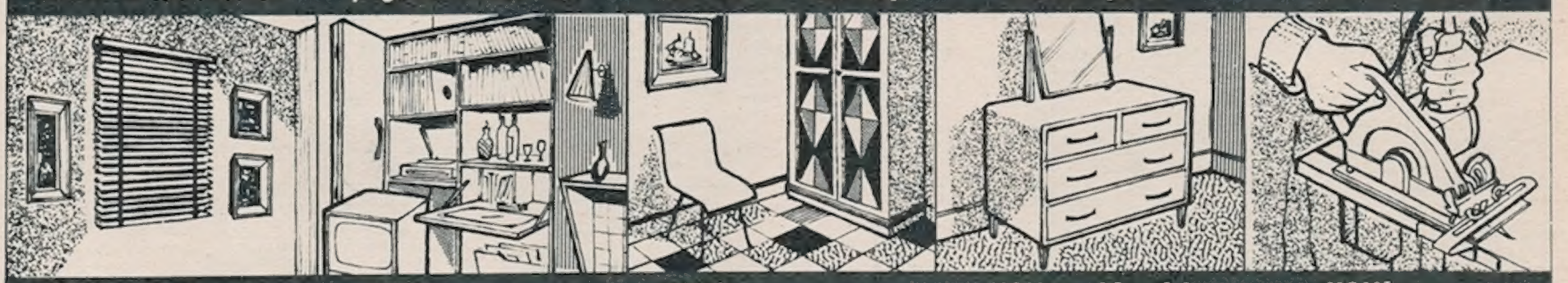

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# Homemaker

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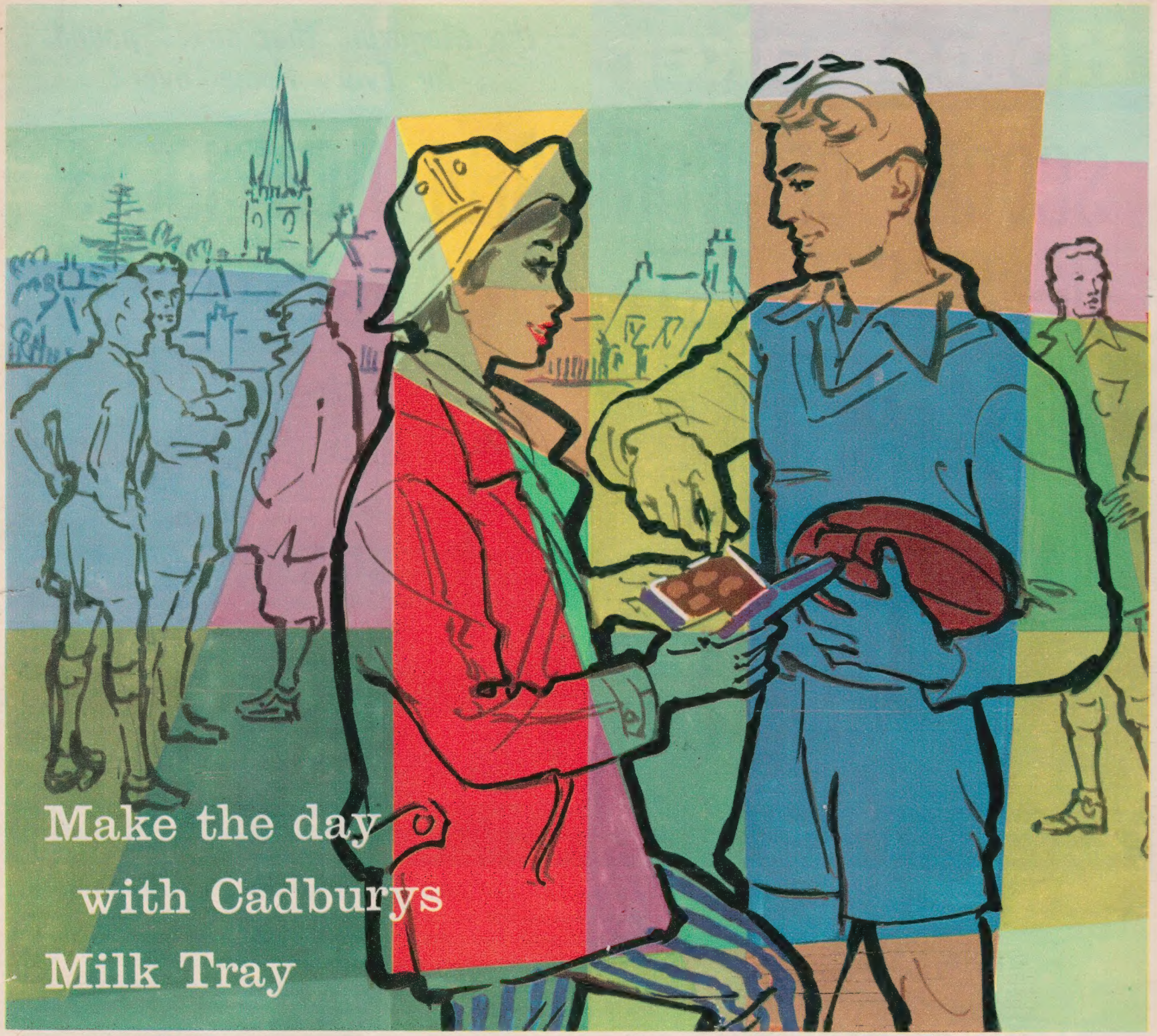

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